

S E L E C T
SCOTISH BALLADS.

V O L. II.

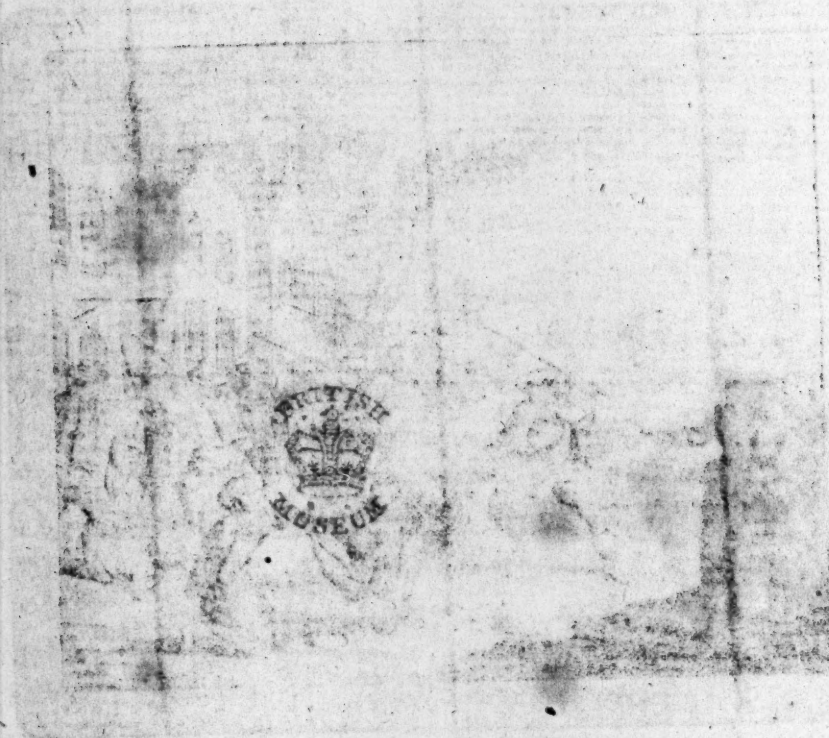


L O N D O N,
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S E L E C T

SCOTTISH BALLADS.

VOL. I.



L O N D O N

PRINTED BY AND FOR J. NICHOLS

MOCKING

[v]
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wood. He is fairly confident that in a wood of this sort his speakers are men who had lost themselves in a world now venturing into the walk of verse, no choice for poor relation; he therefore advises a poet, who

DISSERTATION
ON THE
COMIC BALLAD.

THE pieces here selected under the title of Comic Ballads fall under the several denominations of Pastoral, Amatory, Ludicrous, and Convivial; this Dissertation therefore naturally divides itself into these several heads.

No subject of critical discussion has been examined with more assiduity, and less success, than Pastoral composition. The French critics, whom a writer of any discernment seldom quotes but to confute their absurdities, have here blundered with more than ordinary address. Rapin has found that pastoral writing must

must faithfully represent the manners of the golden age. Dubos, a more judicious writer, has discovered that the real dialogues of modern shepherds are too gross for poetic relation; he therefore advises a poet, who would now venture into this walk of verse, to choose for his speakers princes who had lost themselves in a wood. He is surely himself lost in a wood of false criticism, when he informs us that the first Dialogue of Fontenelle's Plurality of Worlds, is an excellent Pastoral Eclogue. It is no doubt a very fine piece of writing, but, considered in the light of a Bucolic Poem, it makes fully as awkward a figure as an ancient River God in a French Opera with a tye wig, and silk stockings.

Did these writers ever read Theocritus? Did they not know that he was the father, and his works the only models, of this kind of poetry? Of all the poets of antiquity, none has been imitated with less success than that excellent writer. He would himself appear to be perfectly original; for though we read that Homer was indebted for some of his beauties to his poetical predecessors, we never find Theocritus lay under this accusation. His eclogues breathe the very spirit of nature; and surpass those of all his imitators in beauty, as much as a romantic river, wandering through the richest rural scenes, does a Dutch jet-d'eau

d'eau squirting among hedges of clipt yews. Virgil, who was born an elegiac poet, but never happened upon his proper province, has in pastoral only displayed excellent skill in versification, which is indeed his first and almost only praise in all his works. His very persons are ridiculous; for what have Thyrsis and Corydon to do with the Po? An absurdity followed by the whole imitators of this imitator; and among others by Pope, who gravely makes Alexis sing upon the banks of the Thames. His admired French author Boileau, might have told him that Truth alone is fair and lovely. To confound the *names* of different climates and ages must, to every reader of taste, appear fully as ludicrous as to confound places and dates in defiance of geography and chronology. Who but must smile if he read that Theocritus was born at the Devil tavern, in the Strand at Paris, in the year of Christ 908, and had the honour to recite one of his eclogues before that merry prince Charles I. of England, who was so pleased with it, that he cut three capers of a most surprising height, to the amazement of the bard; and afterwards made him a present of a lottery ticket? Yet this is not more absurd than to mingle names, places, and subjects, that are perfectly heterogeneous, as is done in Pope's pastorals; which are very much inferior to them of Philips, though Phillips has no
claim

claim to praise. The fact is, that pastoral eclogue is quite foreign to modern manners. Those of Theocritus appear natural from their antiquity, and from his inimitable language and manner, but he stands alone, and ever will.

Any eclogues that occur in this collection, such as *Robene and Makyn*, &c. are of a lyric nature; and may with much more propriety be called songs than eclogues, though they partake of the manner of both. I therefore leave the pastoral eclogue to come to the pastoral song or ballad, a species of composition, which, though not very remote in its essence from the pastoral dialogue, is infinitely more consonant to modern manners, as it implies no personal representation. It is not supposed to be written or spoken by a shepherd, but merely to convey rural sentiments and images.

Dubos tells us, that the peasants of Italy at this day go to keep their flocks, or labour the ground, with their guitar on their backs; and that they sing their loves in extempore verses, which they accompany with their instrument. This they call *Improvisadare* *. Were

* This practice of making extempore verses is frequent in Italy, as we may observe in many of the latest travellers. But I suppose the principal merit of such poetry arises from the surprize of the hearer. The works of Barnardino Perfetti, a Patrician of Sienna, *Firenze*, 1774, now lie before me. He was the best of modern extemporary poets, and crowned in the capitol, yet there is nothing in them.

any

any of these songs to be committed to writing, and of high merit, it might be considered as a pastoral song complete in every circumstance.

Yet I question if in truth of character, it could exceed some of the pieces of that kind now under our eye, though written perhaps in the smoke and noise of a capital. But to pass from this theory, many of the Scottish songs now selected, must be allowed by every good judge to have uncommon excellence in the pastoral mode of poetry. They possess the utmost truth of manner and of colouring. They have all that sweetness which an ancient critic * observes, is the result of perfect simplicity. As most of the Pastoral pieces in this Selection are likewise of the Amatory style, I shall proceed to consider these kinds of poetry in conjunction.

If the antiquity of the different kinds of poetry were properly ascertained, it is to be believed that love-poetry would be found among those of the first invention. Love, that sweetest and best of passions, is ever the inspirer of poetry. Love is a master that can call forth musical sounds from the heart of the savage of Iceland, amid his half year's wintry night, as well as from that of the exulting inhabitant of Arabia the

* Ἡ γλυκύτης οἶον καλλός τι τῆς ἀφελείας ἐστίν.

Hermogenes, l. II. c. 23.

happy

happy under the influence of the summer sun. His effects are controlled by no manner of life, and confined by no zone. In the most barbarous countries Love will be found the inspirer of sentiment, and refiner of thought and of language :

Spirero nobil sensi a rozzi petti ;

Raddolciro delle lor lingue il suono.

As Love is perhaps the father of poetry *, so it is observed that the fair objects, and best judges of that passion, have always esteemed it the most complete triumph of their charms when their lovers are so enflamed as to commence poets in their praise. Amorous poetry has often been the supposed *magic charm* that has caught the heart of the fair novice in that passion. This has not escaped Shakspeare, that anatomist of the heart.

My gracious Duke,
This man has witched the bosom of my child :
Thou, thou, Lyfander, thou hast *given her rhymes* ;
And stolen th' impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats, (messengers
Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth.)

Midsummer Nights Dream.

* Καὶ ποιητὴς ὁ θεὸς σοφὸς ἔστω, ὥστε καὶ ἄλλον ποιῆσαι.
πᾶς γὰρ ποιητὴς γίγνεται καὶ ἄμουσος ἢ τοπτεῖν ἢ αἰ "Ερως
ἀφ' ἧται; Plato, loq. de Amore.

If

If we except Sappho, the only female who ever wrote any thing worth preservation; there is no writer who has painted love in more genuine and tender colours than are used in the Scotch Amatory Ballads. Yet there are none of them, that I remember, are written by ladies *. That profligacy of manners which always reigns before women can so utterly forget all sense of decency and propriety as to commence authors, is yet almost unknown in Scotland. May it ever be so! May domestic duties and affections be ever the sole employments and amusements of my fair countrywomen, while those of other kingdoms are showing themselves naked in love songs and romances, or stalking the streets in the breeches of criticism and morality!

The love verses in this volume are of almost every different hue incident to that changeable passion; but a plaintive tenderness is the more general characteristic of them. Fielding, I think, has observed that love is generally accompanied by a pleasing melancholy. The songs in this collection called *Lochaber*, *Ewbuchts Marion*, *Low down in the broom*, and many others have,

* There is indeed of very late years, one insignificant exception to this rule. *Auld Robin Gray* having got his silly psalm set to soporific music, is to the credit of our taste, popular for the day. But after lulling some good-natured audiences asleep, he will soon fall asleep himself.

when

when accompanied with their proper airs, a most exquisite pathos:

They yield a very echo to the feat

Where Love is throned.

Others again possess an equal power of sprightliness; such as *An thou wert my ain thing, Soger Ladie, O'er the Bogie*, &c. which do not yield to the best French songs in spirit, though these are likewise excellent in their kind. Indeed if the French excel in any species of poetry, it is in their songs, though their best efforts in this way do not seem much known in England. As this is the case, and it is perfectly coherent with my subject, I shall beg leave to present my reader with a few French songs of the first merit.

In the serious style here is one never yet published.

Il faut attendre avec patience

Le jour de demain; c'est un beau jour.

Grande est dit-on la difference

Entre le mariage et l'amour.

Quoi! Le contrat qui nous engage

Change quelque chose a notre humeur!

Il faut que j'aimois davantage,

Si je juge d'apres mon coeur.

Si je juge d'apres mon coeur.

Quand Louis me dit 'Ma Louïse,
' Je t'aime, et n'aimerois que toi :'
Sans le vouloir il faut que je dise,
' Je t'aime cent fois plus que moi.'
Il me jure amour éternel ;
Et Louis n'est pas un menteur :
Il me fera toujours fidel,
Si je juge d'après mon coeur.
Si je juge d'après mon coeur.

Quel sujet aurois jè de craindre ?
Mon amant devient mon mari.
Je n'aurois jamais a m'en plaindre ;
C'est l'Amour qui me l'a choisi ;
Je suis aimé autant que j'aime ;
Rien ne gatera mon bonheur ;
Et toujours il sera le meme,
Si je juge d'après mon coeur.
Si je juge d'après mon coeur.

Others follow.

Solitaire témoin de ma secrète peine,
Echo, qui soupîres avec moi dans ces bois,
Zephir vous fait il quelque fois
Repeter le nom de Climeine ?

Je voudrois lui cacher le trouble de mon coeur ;
Mais s'il repond a ma tendress extreme,
Cher confident de ma sincere ardeur,
Echo, dites lui que je l'aime.
Echo, Echo dites lui que je l'aime.

Murmurez charmans ruisseaux ;
Mais gardez vous de troubler par vos eaux
Le doux sommeil de la jeune Sylvie,
Qui s'est endormie,
Au chant des oiseaux.
Votre onde qui s'enfuit
Dans ce vallon fait un peu trop de bruit.
Charmans ruisseaux,
He ! qu'ai je dit ?
Non, non, roulez, precipitez vos flots :
La cruelle qu'elle est m'ote bien ce repos !

Ah que ces demeures sont belles,
Que nous y passons de beaux jours !
Ah que ces demeures sont belles,
Que nous y passons d'heureux jours !

Quelle.

DISSERTATION.

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Quelle felicité pour les amans fidelles !
Ici les amours eternelles
Ont toujours la douceur des nouvelles amours.
Ah que ces demeures font belles !

Les frimats ont cessé, le printems va paroître ;
Tout renaît, tout fleurit dans ces aimables lieux.
Ah ! si ma liberté pouvoit ainsi renaître,
Que je serois heureux, que je serois heureux !

Taisez vous, ma Mufette,
Nos chants ne sont plus doux :
Vous n'avez pu toucher Lifette,
Helas ! de quoi me servez vous ?

This shall be succeeded by a few Amatory French songs in the sprightly style.

Vous, qui faites votre modelle
De la constante tourterelle,
Que je vous plains dans vos amours !
Pour moi, j'imite l'hirondelle ;
Sans que rien arrete mon cours,
Je vole ou le printems m'appelle.

b 2

N'oubliez

N'oubliez pas votre houlette,
Lifette,
Quand vous irez au bois :
Le berger, dont vous faites choix,
Est trop libertin sur l'herbette ;
N'oubliez pas votre houlette,
Lifette,
Quand vous irez au bois.

Bon vin,
Belle Sylvie,
Plaisirs les plus grands de la vie,
C'est vous qui reglez mon desin :
Je m'attache a vous suivre ;
Enfin pourvu que je m'enyvre,
N'importe, que ce soit ou d'amour, ou de vin.

Aimez, aimez, puis qu'il faut,
L'amant qui vous engage :
Ce n'est pas un grand défaut
Qu'un peu d'amour a votre age,

Ah!

Ah ! le tems d'être sage
Ne viendra que trop tot !
Aimez, puis qu'il le faut ;
Ah ! le tems d'être sage,
Ah ! le tems d'être sage,
Ne viendra que trop tot !

In the Ludicrous style, the following may be acceptable.

Quand il tonne, et que ere Pierre
Court a la cave se cacher,
Court a la cave se cacher,
Vous croyez qu'il fuit le tonnerre ;—
C'est le tonneau qu'il va chercher,
C'est le tonneau qu'il va chercher.

Chloris et le tabac j'estime,
De tous deux je me sens epris :
Tous deux regnent sur mes esprits ;
De tous deux je suis le victime.
Mais s'il faut ceder au plus fort,
Chloris je n'aurai point de tort

De quitter l' ardeur qui me pique.
Vos yeux me donnent le trepas,
Mais dans le flambeau de ma pipe
J'eteins celui de vos appas.

Depuis huit jours que je brule pour vous
N'avez vous pas assez éprouvé ma confiance ?
Et ne devez vous pas un traitement plus doux
A ma perseverance ?

A votre tour laissez vous enflamer ;
Aujourd'hui, belle Iris, faites fuir ma peine ;
Et je vous jure de vous aimer
Encore une semaine.

Un jour un vieux hibou
Se mit dans la cervelle
D'épouser une hirondelle,
Jeune et belle,
Dont l'Amour l'avoit rendu fou.
Il pria les oiseaux de chanter a la fete :
Tout s'enfuit en voyant une si laide bete,
Il n'y resta que coucou, coucou, coucou.

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To conclude with a few Convivial ones, the following are given.

Si tu veux être sans chagrin,
Bois comme il faut de ce bon vin;
La bouteille
Fait merveille :
C'est un secours qui est tout divin.
Verfes du vin;
Verse donc du plus fin;
Verse toujours soir et matin.

Doux sommeil endormes les amans misérables ;
Ils ont besoin de vos faveurs ;
Ne verfes que sur eux vos pavots favorables,
Gardez vous d'affoupir de fortunés buveurs.
Laissez au dieu de la bouteille
Le soin de remplir notre fort ;
Lors que Bacchus seul nous endort,
Jamais l'Amour ne nous reveille.

The following is equal to any thing written by
Anacreon.

Est il un fort plus triste que le mien ?

Je meprisois l'Amour, je bravois sa puissance ;

Et, content d'une heureuse indifférence,

J'avois toujours tremblé de me laisser charmer.

Je sens enfin que je m'en vais aimer :

Ah ! je m'en vais aimer !

Mais c'est toi ma bouteille ;

C'est toi charmant jus de la treille,

Que j'aimerai toujours je t'en donne ma foi :

Et je n'aurai jamais de maitresse que toi.

But to return, I must not quit this subject without offering a few remarks on the principal scene of the Scottish pastoral songs, namely the southern part of Scotland in the neighbourhood of the Tweed. I cannot do this better than in the words of an excellent writer. He forms a fine contrast by beginning with a description of the Northern parts of Scotland. ' The highlands of Scotland, says he, are a picturesque, but in general a melancholy country. Long tracts of mountainous desert covered with dark heath, and often obscured by misty weather ; narrow vallies, thinly inhabited, and bounded by precipices, resounding with the fall of torrents ; a soil so rugged, and a climate so dreary, as in many parts to admit neither the amusements of pasturage, nor the la-

bours

‘ bours of agriculture; the mournful dashing of waves
‘ along the friths and lakes that intersect the country;
‘ the portentous noises which every change of the
‘ wind, and every increase and diminution of the wa-
‘ ters is apt to raise in a lonely region full of echoes,
‘ and rocks, and caverns: the grotesque and ghastly
‘ appearance of such a landscape by the light of the
‘ moon:—Objects like these diffuse a gloom over the
‘ fancy, which may be compatible enough with oc-
‘ casional and social merriment, but cannot fail to
‘ tincture the thoughts of a native in the hour of
‘ silence and solitude.’ And a little further he ob-
serves, ‘ that the ancient highlanders of Scotland had
‘ hardly any other way of supporting themselves than
‘ by hunting, fishing, or war; professions that are
‘ continually exposed to fatal accidents. And hence,
‘ no doubt, additional horrors would often haunt their
‘ solitude, and a deeper gloom overshadow the imagi-
‘ nation even of the hardiest native.’ He proceeds,
‘ What then would it be reasonable to expect from
‘ the fanciful tribe, from the musicians and poets, of
‘ such a region? Strains expressive of joy, tranquillity,
‘ or the softer passions? No. Their style must have
‘ been better suited to their circumstances. And so
‘ we find in fact that their music is. The wildest ir-
‘ regularity appears in its composition; the expression

‘ is warlike and melancholy, and approaches even to
‘ the terrible — And that their poetry is almost uni-
‘ formly mournful, and their views of nature dark
‘ and dreary, will be allowed by all who admit of the
‘ authenticity of Ossian; and not doubted by any who
‘ believe these fragments of highland poetry to be ge-
‘ nuine, which many old people, now alive, of that
‘ country remember to have heard in their youth,
‘ and were then taught to refer to a pretty high an-
‘ tiquity.’

‘ Some of the Southern provinces of Scotland pre-
‘ sent a very different prospect. Smooth and lofty
‘ hills covered with verdure, clear streams winding
‘ through long and beautiful valleys, trees produced
‘ without culture, here straggling or single, and there
‘ crowding into little groves and bowers, with other
‘ circumstances peculiar to the districts I allude to,
‘ render them fit for pasturage, and favourable to ro-
‘ mantic leisure, and tender passions. Several of the
‘ old Scotch songs take their names from the rivulets,
‘ villages and hills adjoining to the Tweed near Mel-
‘ rose, a region distinguished by many charming va-
‘ rieties of rural scenery, and which, whether we
‘ consider the face of the country, or the genius of the
‘ people, may properly enough be termed the Arcadia
‘ of Scotland. And all these songs are sweetfully and
‘ powerfully

‘ powerfully expressive of love and tenderness, and
‘ other emotions suited to the tranquillity of pastoral
‘ life *.’

Thus far this eminent philosopher and poet; whose ideas are so fully expressed, and so consonant with my own, that they leave me little or nothing further to add. I must, however, observe that the genuine Old Songs, which were originally set to the most admired of the Scottish airs, are most of them unfortunately lost. For the present words to the greater part of them we are indebted to Allan Ramsay, and his friends, as he himself informs us in the following words of the preface to his Tea-table Miscellany, or Collection of Songs. ‘ My being well assured how acceptable new words to known good tunes would prove, engaged me to the making verses for above SIXTY of them in this and the second volume:’ (which are Scottish songs, the third and last volume containing mostly English,) ‘ about THIRTY more were done by some ingenious young gentlemen.’ I heartily wish honest Allan and his ingenious young gentlemen had rather used their endeavours to recover and preserve the real ancient ballads, than to compose new ones. For uncouth as those might be, I much

* Essays by Dr. Beattie, 3d edit. Essay I.

suspect they exceeded their substitutes in variety at least. Indeed as I meant this as a POETICAL, not as a MUSICAL work, I found myself obliged to admit only the best of these modern pieces, always preferring the ancient when it could be found. Those who wish for words to all the Scottish airs, may find them in many collections. This only means to present the reader of taste with the very best of Scottish ballad poetry. The reader, whom I could wish to please, would turn with contempt from a constant succession of the same ideas expressed in the same words and stanza. For though the airs vary, their verbal accompaniments have in general a similarity as disgusting as the poems of Blackmore, or the pictures of Angelica Kauffman. Though the ancient songs were perhaps less smooth than their successors, they were doubtless more varied, being composed at distant periods by different minstrels, than they could possibly be by Allan Ramsay (a writer not rich in ideas) and his young friends, who perhaps begun and finished their labours in this way in the space of a few weeks. And if they were harsh or uncouth, the ancient composer might plead with Tasso:

————— se ben miri,
Molle, e dura e costei;

Cosi

Così son duri, e molli i versi miei.
Molle e in lei quel dì fuori;
Dentro ha marmi e diaspri:
Sol nella scorza i versi miei son aspri.
Ma senti, come spiri
Da loro interni amori
Spirto gentil, ch' intenerisce i core.

A very celebrated and intelligent physician, who was born, and passed his early years in the south of Scotland, informs me, that it is his opinion, that the best of the ancient Scottish airs were really composed by shepherds. In his remembrance there was, in almost every village of that district, a chief shepherd, who had acquired celebrity by composing better songs than others of the same profession. And he thinks that though the best airs are in general known, yet the words to at least one half have never been published. The musical instruments used by these rude minstrels, are the common flute, and the *stock-and-born*, which is a flute with a small horn fastened to the further end of it, and which forms a *base*, in the nature of a bassoon.

The beginning of one of their unpublished ballads of the mournful kind, he happens to remember. It was written on the fatal expedition to Darien, in the end of last century, a project that seems to have been
formed

formed for the destruction of the Scottish youth, and opens with the following most striking couplet.

We'll a awa to the woods and murne
Untill our Scottish joes come hame.

I believe not above half a dozen of these genuine Scottish pastoral ballads are in print; and suspect all such may be found in this volume. They have certain strokes in them which, in my opinion, could only occur to real shepherds. Such are *The yellow-hair'd laddie*, *Ewbuchts Marion*, *In summer I maw'd my meadow*, &c. What a sad exchange to give such songs for the poor tinsel of Allan Ramsay, and his bottle companions!

There is a book printed at St. Andrews in 1548, called *The Complaint of Scotland*. It is written by a Sir James Inglis, and is of such exceeding rarity as to be almost unique: but Dr. George Mackenzie in his *Lives of Scottish Writers*, has given us an abstract of it. The author mentions a masque, and enumerates the following songs, as forming part of the entertainment.

1. *The briers binds me fair.*
2. *Still under the leyvis grene.*
3. *Couthume the rashis grene.*
4. *Allace I wyt your twa feyr ene.*
5. *Goete you gude day wit boy.*
6. *Lady help your prisoneir.*

7. *King*

7. *King Williams Note.*
8. *The lange no wee nou.*
9. *The Cheapel Valk.*
10. *Fay that is none.*
11. *Skald a Bellis nou.*
12. *The Aberden's nou brum.*
13. *Brum on tul.*
14. *Allone I weipt in great distress.*
15. *Tortee Solee Lemendou.*
16. *Bill wil thu cum by a bute, and belt the in Saint Francis cord.*
17. *The Frog cam to the Myl dur.*
18. *Gillqubiskar.*
19. *Ryght ferily musing in my mind.*
20. *God sen the duc had bydden in France, and Delaw-
barwte had neuwer cum hame.*
21. *All musing of Mervillir a mys hef I gone.*
22. *Mastres fayr Zeril so fayt.*
23. *O lussy Maye with Flora queen.*
24. *O Myrle hart boy this is my sang.*
25. *The battle of Hayrlau.*
26. *The huntis of Cbevit.*
27. *Sall I go wit you to Rumbelo fayr.*
28. *Greit is my sorrow.*
29. *Turn the suit Ville to me.*
30. *My lufe is hyan sick send him joy.*

31. *Fayr lufe len thou me thy mantil Joy.*
32. *The Pe-se and the Montgumrye met that day, that gentil day.*
33. *My lufe is laid upon an knight.*
34. *Allace the Jamen jueit face.*
35. *In an myrthfou Morrou my bart leuit on the lad.*

This list, which is of exceeding curiosity, may teach us that not one of our Scottish popular airs is so ancient as 1548. Indeed I suspect these of which the scene lyes in the south of Scotland, as *Tweedside*, &c. are all of them posterior to the accession of James VI. to the throne of England. Any of the above songs, that have local marks, belong to the Northern parts of Scotland; and it is to be supposed that the provinces which first felt the blessings of repose, would first break out into singing. Not above two of the pieces in this list are now known: If I do not mistake, numbers 2 and 19, or something like them, may be found in *Smith's Songs in score before the year 1500.* They are English songs; and prove the author has intermingled English airs with those of his own country. I am told No. 17 used lately to be sung on the stage at Edinburgh, and contains a mock courtship between a frog and a mouse, of some satyrical merit.

Some few of the modern songs have the merit of being written on real occasions, and such always speak
the

the language of the heart, a language of difficult simulation. Some of such yield not to the Elegies of Tibullus in nature and pathos, though that ancient poet is a wonderful master in Amatory verse. Hammond has never caught his spirit, except in imitations, which are so close as to be almost translations, but I have lately had the pleasure of seeing some Elegies of this kind in manuscript, which rival those of Tibullus himself.

The most ancient pieces in this selection are of the LUDICROUS style of poetry, which is something surprising, as that species of writing has been thought by able critics to be an effort of modern refinement. It is true the images given us in the Scottish Ludicrous pieces are often not the most agreeable or delicate; but have the most modern writers, Swift for example, been more laudable in this respect? In *Pebbles to the Play*, *Christ's Kirk on the Green*, and others, the reader will find curious descriptions of low life and manners, as they were in Scotland in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; the more curious as they were drawn by the hands of monarchs themselves. It is certainly much to the credit of the united kingdoms that, while the poets of the other countries of Europe were writing extravagant romances, Chaucer, and the princely bards of Scotland, were employed in delineating real life and manners.

In the *Wyfe of Auchtermuchty*, and fimilar productions here given, there is abundance of humour, though a critic of fashion may perhaps pronounce it *low*. But it is NATURE, and will ever be fo. Had Chaucer only written, or rather tranflated, the *Romaunt of the Rose*, his works might now have been faft afleep in fome old cheft; but his *tales*, replete with humour of the lower kind, will perpetuate his fame. That father of Englifh poetry appears to have been as much efteemed in Scotland, as in his native country. Dunbar, the chief of the Scotifh poets, has in his *Goldin Terge* the following spirited apoftrophe in his praife, which is highly generous, if we confider the inveterate enmity at that time fubfifting between the two kingdoms. It proves that the purfuit of poetry is productive of large and liberal fentiments, even in a barbarous period.

O reverend Chawfer, rofe of rethouris all,
 As in oure tounge ane flour imperial,
 That raife in Brittane evir, quha reidis richt,
 Thou beiris of makars the triumphs royal;
 Thy frefche ennamalit termes celeftial,
 This mater couth haif illuminit full bricht.
 Was thou nocht of our Inglis all the licht,
 Surmounting every tounge tereftrial,
 As far as Mayis morrow dois midnight?

Chaucer

Chaucer may indeed be regarded as the father, not only of English poetry, but of that remarkable quality of writing called *humour*; a word which, I believe, has no corresponding term in any language, as we have none for the French *naïveté*, for they are distinct ideas. *Naïveté*, if I mistake not, only implies a *native gaiety*, an *unconscious simplicity*, and is never used in a synonymous sense with *humour*, which implies something characteristic, even though *severe* or *morose*, as we say a *humourous gravity*. Fontaine has *naïveté*, Chaucer has *humour*. Wit is an assimilation of distant ideas: Humour is confined to *manner* either of speaking or writing.

It has been affirmed by some eminent critics, that the moderns much excel the ancients in witty and humourous composition; and alledged, that the ancients have no writers in these kinds to oppose to Don Quixote, Hudibras, The Splendid Shilling, the Adventures of Gil Blas, The Tale of a Tub, and the Rehearsal*. But in this they did not reflect that they only saw one side of the question. The fact is, that wit is the most fleeting and transitory quality writing can have. Like an exquisite essence, it wastes itself, and leaves

* Adventurer, No. 133. The reader will smile at the works here enumerated, when he thinks on the omission of those of Shakspeare, Fielding, and Smollet; the last of whom was a writer of the most genuine humour that ever existed.

only the vase that contained it. The Margites of Homer I suspect began, like Hudibras in our time, to cease being understood before it was allowed to perish. But the argument I would use is, in short, that we cannot judge of the efforts of the ancients in this way, because their best works are lost. Surely then to pronounce against them, when they cannot be heard in their defence, is not candid. It must, however, be allowed, that the modern Novel, descriptive of real life, and the most useful kind of writing known, when properly conducted, appears to have been foreign to ancient conception. But it appears to me very evident that the human mind, in the progress of ages, alters its shape and powers, if I may so express myself. In the days of Greece and Rome, its criterion would seem to have been strength: in modern times, versatility and acuteness. Hence the dignity and grandeur of their writings; and the wit and precision of ours. Reasons might be given for the difference, but this is not the proper place.

As we have seen Chaucer was so much regarded by the ancient Scottish poets, I suppose it was from him they took their ideas of burlesque descriptions of vulgar life.

The

The CONVIVIAL songs in this Selection are not many, I shall not therefore insist on this head. It may, however, be observed that, considering how much the French have written in this way, it is something strange their ancient allies, the Scots, should have been so barren in this very easy mode of composition. One would imagine the juice of the grape, that inspired Anacreon, was equally potent in his numerous French imitators; while the Scots, having little of that liquid inspiration, were by ale confined in the bands of sleep at the social hour that gave the French *bons vivants* free access to the regions of fancy.

It may perhaps be expected that, before closing this essay, I should offer some remarks on Scottish Music, a subject of much interest and curiosity to every lover of that best sort of melody which speaks to the heart and passions. But the ingenious author of an essay on Scottish Music, annexed to Mr. Arnot's History of Edinburgh, has left me nothing to add on that head. Dr. Beattie has likewise treated this subject more briefly, but with his usual elegance and ability, in his Essay on Poetry and Music as they affect the Mind. Another good writer * has likewise dropt a few remarks on this matter. Both these eminent authors

* Dr. Gregory in his Comparative View of the State and Faculties of Man with those of the Animal World.

have

have used many arguments to confute the opinion of those who ascribe to David Rizzio the invention of our Scottish melodies; an idea that, like many heresies, is only made important by its opponents, for it carries absurdity and confutation in itself*.

I shall therefore conclude with an observation or two respecting the volume now under the reader's eye.

He has already been admonished not to look upon this Work as a Collection, but as a Selection; not as pretending to offer the whole of the Scottish Ballads to his view, but only the very best of them. The first volume † indeed presents the reader with a complete digest of such tragic pieces yet discovered in the Scottish dialect, as any ways deserve preservation; those omitted being of no merit of any kind. Such are *Johnie Armstrong*, *Young Waters*, *Laird of Ochiltree*, *The Battle of Harlaw*, *The Battle of Raidquair*, and others. Not to mention *Lord Thomas and fair Annet* which is an English Ballad; as well as *Chevy Chase*, though some who have not seen Dr. Percy's ancient

* I am informed that some Scottishman has made some stanzas to the favorite Irish air of *Langolee* under the name of *The Banks of the Dee*. Such a theft cannot be too severely condemned, as if persisted in, there is an end of all national music. As the Irish air is rather impure, had the scene of the new verses been laid in Ireland, they might have been innocent enough.

† The second edition is here meant.

ballad

ballad of this name, will still contend for its being Scottish *. Of the Scottish Ballads, which fall under the title of this second volume, I must confess, perhaps, twenty or thirty more would have been admitted, had the limits of the work allowed it. Yet here, I have, to use a vulgar metaphor, presented the reader with the cream of about a dozen volumes, most of them uncommon in this part of the kingdom. The comic

* Such has been the generous impartiality of the minstrel who composed this fine ballad, and who perhaps had been entertained with equal attention at Alnwick and at Douglass castles, that hardly one intrinsic mark could be given to authorise the ascribing of it to a native of either country, till the ancient copy appeared, which at once terminated the dispute.

An edition printed at Aberdeen 1754, has a preface and notes, which present the arguments that were then valid for *Chevy chace* being a Scottish composition.

The loss of *Chevy chace* might be compensated to Scotland by the recovery of many tragic pieces of no inferior merit, were means used by those who have opportunities for that purpose. *Bertram the archer*, the Robin Hood of Scotland, is now hardly known to have existed, though he was celebrated in many a heroic ditty. The only stanza known to the Editor is given, as it closes with a piquet thought. Bertram, being surrounded by his enemies, addresses his weapons in this manner:

My trusty bow of the tough yew,
That I in London bought;
And filken strings, if ye prove true,
That my true love has wrought.

pieces,

pieces here given, are chosen either from their being rare, or their being unpublished, or their intrinsic merit.

For the very curious piece, which is placed at the head of this volume, and now first published, I am indebted to the friendship of the most learned and ingenious Editor of the Reliques of Ancient English Poetry. *Peblis to the Play* will certainly be looked upon as a very considerable acquisition to ancient Scottish Poetry, and will, I doubt not, gain Dr. Percy, to whom alone the reader is beholden for it, much grateful applause in the Northern part of the kingdom in particular. Indeed considerable fame is already due to him who first set the example of a legitimate collection of this kind, than which, if conducted with taste, nothing can well be more entertaining to the lover of Poetry. The Reliques of Ancient English Poetry were only the amusement of his youthful hours of relaxation from severer studies; but might well be called a work of infinite labour and disquisition, if executed by a writer of less genius to form a noble plan, and less ability to put it in execution. For the politeness peculiar to himself, with which the communication of this poem was made, I now beg leave to offer him my public acknowledgments.

DISSERTATION.

xli

Some readers may perhaps think, that a few of the pieces in this volume might, with equal propriety, have been allotted to the first, as being of a plaintive or mournful kind. In excuse it may be alledged, that the melancholy of these productions is not of the deepest shade, but such as may, with no blame, fall in with the present arrangement; in the same manner as the best comic writings are interspersed with a few scenes of fugitive gravity.

GAWIN DOUGLAS.

H 3 1 0 0 2
(1 0)
H
S C O T I S H
C O M I C B A L L A D S.

PEBLIS TO THE PLAY.

I.

AT beltane, quhen ilk bodie bownis
To Peblis to the Play,
To heir the fingin and the foundis;
The solace, futh to say,
Be firth and forrest furth they found;
Thay graythit tham full gay;
God wait that wald they do that found,
For it was thair feist day,

Of Peblis to the Play.

Thay said,

B

10

H.

SCOTISH

II.

All the wenchis of the west
 War up or the cok crew ;
 For reiling thair nicht na man rest,
 For garray, and for glew :
 Ane said my curches ar nocht prest ;
 Than answerit Meg full blew,
 To get an hude, I hald it best ;
 Be Goddis faul that is true,

Quod scho,

Of Peblis to the Play.

20

III.

She tuik the tippet be the end,
 To lat it hing scho leit not ;
 Quod he, thy bak fall beir ane bend ;
 In faith, quod she, we meit not.
 Scho was so guckit, and so gend,
 That day ane byt scho eit nocht ;
 Than spak hir fallowis that hir kend ;
 Be still, my joy, and greit not

Now.

Of Peblis to the Play.

25

30

IV.

COMIC BALLADS.

3

IV.

Eir allace ! than said scho,
 Am I nocht cleirlye tynt ?
 I dar nocht cum yon mercat to
 I am so evvil sone-brint ;
 Amang yon marchands my dudds do ?
 Marie I fall anis mynt
 Stand of far, and keik thaim to ;
 As I at hame was wont,

35

Quod scho.

Off Peblis to the Play.

40

V.

Hop, Calyé, and Cardronow
 Gaderit out thik-fald,
 With Hey and How rohumbelow ;
 The young folk were full bald.
 The baggye blew, and thai out threw
 Out of the townis untald.
 Lord sic ane schout was thame amang,
 Quhen thai were our the wald.

45

Thair west,

Off Peblis to the Play.

50

B 2

VI.

S C O T I S H

VI.

Ane young man stert in to that steid,
 Als cant as ony colt,
 Ane birkin hat upon his heid,
 With ane bow and ane bolt; 55
 Said, Mirrie Madinis, think not lang;
 The wedder is fair and smolt.
 He cleikit up ane hie ruf sang,
'Thair fure ane man to the bolt
Quod he.
 Of Peblis to the Play. 60

VII.

Thay had nocht gane half of the gait
 Quhen the madinis come upon thame;
 Ilk ane man gaif his consait,
 How at thai wald dispone thame;
 Ane said The fairest fallis me; 65
 Tak ye the laif and fone thame.
 Ane uther said Wys me lat be.
 On, Twedell fyd, and on thame
Swyth,
 Of Peblis to the Play. 70

VIII.

COMIC BALLADS.

VIII.

Than he to ga, and scho to ga,
 And never ane bad abyd you :
 Ane winklot fell and her taill up;
 Wow, quod Malkin, hyd yow
 Quhat neidis you to maik it sua?
 Yon man will not ourryd you.
 Ar ye owr gude, quod scho, I say,
 To lat thame gang besyd yow
 Yonder,
 Of Peblis to the Play?

IX.

Than thai come to the townis end
 Withouttin more delai,
 He befoir, and scho befoir,
 To see quha was maist gay.
 All that luikit thame upon
 Leuche fast at thair array;
 Sum said that thai were merkat folk;
 Sum said the Quene of May
 Was cumit
 Of Peblis to the Play.

IX.

Than thai to the taverne hous,
 With meikle oly prance;
 Ane spak wi' wourdis wonder crouse
 A done with ane mischance!
 Braid up the burde, (he hydys tyt)
 We ar all in ane trance;
 Se that our napre be quhyt,
 For we will dyn and daunce,

Thair out,

Of Peblis to the Play.

XI.

Ay as the gudwyf brocht in,
 Ane scorit upon the wauch.
 Ane bad pay, ane ither said, nay,
 Byd quhill we rakin our lauch.
 The gud wyf said, Have ye na dreid?
 Ye fall pay at ye aucht.
 Ane young man start upon his feit,
 And he began to lauche

For heydin,

Of Peblis to the Play.

XII.

COMIC BALLADS.

XII.

He gat ane trincheur in his haud,
 And he began to compt;
 Ilk man twa and ane happenie,
 To pay thus we war wount.
 Ane uther stert upon his feit,
 And said thow art our blunt
 To tak fik office upoun hand;
 Be God thow servite ane dunt
 Of me,
 Of Peblis to the Play,

XIII.

Ane dunt, quod he, quhat dewil is that;
 Be God yow dar not du'd.
 He stert till ane broggit stauf,
 Wincheand as he war woode.
 All that hous was in ane reirde;
 Ane cryit, ' The halie rude!
 ' Help us lord upon this erde
 ' That thair be spilt na blude
 ' Heirin,
 ' Of Peblis to the Play-'

SCOTTISH

XIV.

Thay thrang out at the dure at anis
 Withouttin ony reddin;
 Gilbert in ane guttar glayde
 He gat na better beddin.
 Thair wes not ane of thame that day 135
 Wald do ane utheris biddin.
 Thairby lay thre and threttie sum,
 Thrunland in ane midding
 Off draff.
 Of Peblis to the Play. 140

XV.

Ane cadgear on the mercat gait
 Hard thame bargane begin;
 He gaiff ane schout, his wyff came out;
 Scantlie scho micht ourhye him:
 He held, scho drew, for dust that day 145
 Micht na man se ane flyme
 To red thame.
 Of Peblis to the Play.

XVI.

COMIC BALLADS.

XVI

He stert to his greit gray meir,
 And of he tumblit the creilis,
 Alace, quod scho, hald our gude man:
 And on hir knees scho knelis.
 Abyd, quod scho; why nay, quod he,
 In till his stirrapis he lap;
 The girding brak, and he flew of,
 And upstart bayth his heilis

At anis,

Of Peblis to the Play.

XVII.

His wyf came out, and gaif ane schout,
 And be the fute scho gat him;
 All bedirtin drew him out;
 Lord God! richt weil that fat him!
 He said, Quhair is yon culroun knaif?
 Quod scho, I reid ye lat him
 Gang hame his gaites. Be God, quod he,
 I fall anis have at him

Yit.

Of Peblis to the Play.

XVIII.

S C O T I S H

XVIII.

Ye fylit me, fy for schame! quod scho;
 Se as ye have drest me;
 How feil ye, schir, as my girdin brak
 Quhat meikle devil may lest me.
 I wait weil quhat it wes 173
 My awin gray meir that kest me:
 Or gif I wes forfochtin faynt,
 And syn lay down to rest me
 Yonder,
 Of Peblis to the Play. 189

XIX.

Be that the bargan was all playit
 The stringis stert out of thair nokks;
 Sevin-sum that the tulye maid,
 Lay gruffling in the stokks.
 John Jakfoun of the nether warde 185
 Had lever have giffin an ox,
 Or he had cuming in that cumpanie,
 He sware be Goddis cokkis,
 And mannis bayth,
 Of Peblis to the Play. 190

XX.

COMIC BALLADS.

XX.

With that Will Swane come fucitand out,
 Ane meikle miller man;
 Gif I fall dance have donn lat se
 Blaw up the bagpyp than:
 The schamon's dance I mon begin; 195
 I trow it fall not pane.
 So hevelie he hockit about
 To se him, Lord, as thai ran
 That tyd,
 Of Peblis to the Play! 200

XXI.

Thay gadderit out of the toun
 And neirar him thai dreuche;
 Ane bade gif the daunfaris rowme,
 Will Swane makis wounder teuche.
 Than all the wenshis Te he thai playit; 205
 But, lord, as Will Young leuche!
 Gude gossip cum hyn your gaitis,
 For we have daunfit aneuche
 At anis
 At Peblis at the Play. 210

XXII.

XXII.

Sa ferslie fyr heit wes the day
 His face began to frekill,
 Than Tisbe tuik him by the hand,
 (Wes new cuming fra the Seckill)
 Allace, quod scho, quhat fall I do?
 And our doure hes na ftekill.
 And scho to ga as hir taill brynt;
 And all the cairlis to kekill
 At hir.

Of Peblis to the Play.

XXIII.

The pyper said now I begin
 To tyre for playing to;
 Bot yit I have gottin nathing
 For all my pyping to you;
 Thre happenis for half ane day
 And that will not undo you:
 And gif ye will gif me richt nocht,
 The meikill devill gang wi you,
 Quod he,

Of Peblis to the Play.

XXIV.

COMIC BALLADS.

113

XXIV.

Be that the daunsing wes all done,
Thair leif tuik les and mair;
Quhen the winklottis and the wawarris twynit
To se it was hart fair.

Wat Atkin said to fair Ales,

235

My bird now will I fayr:

The dewil a wourde that scho might speik,

Bet swownit that sweit of fwair

For kyndnes.

Of Peblis to the Play.

240

XXV.

He sippilit lyk ane faderles sole;

• And be still my sweit thing.

• Be the halyrud of Peblis

• I may nocht rest for greting.

He quhiffillit, and he pypit bayth,

245

To mak hir blyth that meiting:

My hony hart how sayis the sang,

• *Thair fall be mirth at our meting*

• *Rit.*

Of Peblis to the Play.

250

XXVI.

XXVI.

Be that the sone was settand schaftis;
 And neir done wes the day:
 Thair men nicht heir schriken of chaftis
 Quhen that thai went thair way.
 Had thair bein mair made of this fang,
 Mair fuld I to yow say.
 At beltane ilka bodie bownd
 To Peblis to the Play.

130

XXV.

H. CHRIST,

CHRIST'S KIRK
ON THE GREEN.

I.

WAS ne'er in Scotland heard or seen
Sik dancing nor deray;
Nowther at *Falkland on the green,*
Or *Peebles at the Play.*
As wes of wooers as I ween,
At Christ's Kirk on a day;
There came our Kittys washen clean
In new kyrtils of gray,
Fou gay that day,
At Christ's Kirk on the green.

10
11.

II.

To dance thir damysells them dight;
 Thir lassies light of laits.
 Thir gluis war of the raffal right,
 This shoon war o the straits.
 Thir kirtles were of Lincome light, 15
 Weel prest wi mony plaits:
 They were fae skyth, whan men them nicht,
 They squeild, like ony gaits,
 Fu loud that day,
 At Christ's Kirk on the green. 20

III.

Of a thir maidins myld as meid
 Was nane fae jimp as Gillie;
 As ony rose her rude was red,
 Her lire was like the lillie;
 Fou yellow yellow was her heid; 25
 And scho, of luve fae fillie,
 Thoch a her kin had sworn hir deid,
 Scho wald hae nane but Willie
 Alane that day,
 At Christ's Kirk on the green. 30

IV.

Scho skornit Jock, and skrapit at him,
 And murgeoned him wi mokks ;
 He wald hae luvit, scho wald not lat him
 For a his yellow lokks.
 He cherish'd her, scho bid gae chat him ; 35
 Scho compt him not twa clokkis.
 Sae schamefully his schort gown fat him
 His legs war lyke twa rokks
 Or rungs that day
 At Christ's Kirk on the green. 40

V.

Tam Lutar was thair minstrel meet.
 Gude Lord how he coud lans !
 He playt fae schill and sang fae sweet,
 Quhuyle Towfie took a trans,
 Auld Lightfute thair he coud foreleet, 45
 And counterfittet Frans :
 He held him as a man discreit,
 And up the Morreis-dans
 He tuke day
 At Christ's Kirk on the green. 50

.VI.

Then Steen cam stappin in wi stends,
 Nae rynt nicht him arrest,
 Splae-fat he bobbit up wi bends;
 For Maufe he maid request.
 He lap quhyle he lay on his lends, 55
 But ryfand was fae preist,
 Quhyle he did hoast at baith the ends
 For honour o the feist,
 And dauns'd that day
 At Christ's Kirk on the green. 60

VII.

Then Robene Roy begouth to revell,
 And Towfie to him drugged;
 Let be, quo Jock, and cawd him Jovel,
 And be the tail him tuggit.
 The kenzie clicked to a kevel, 65
 God wots if thir twa luggit!
 They parted manly wi a nevel:
 Men say that hair was ruggit
 Betwixt them twa
 At Christ's Kirk on the green. 70

COMIC BALLADS.

19

VIII.

Ane bent a bow, sic sturt coud steir him,
 Grit skayth wead to haif skard him;
 He cheist a flane as did esseir him:
 The toder said, Dirdum Dardum.
 Through baith the cheiks he thocht to chier him, 75
 Or throch the ers-haif chard him:
 Be ane akerbraid it came na neir him;
 I caanna tell quhat mard him
 Sae wide that day
 At Christ's Kirk on the green. 80

IX.

Wi that a frien o his cried Fy!
 And up an arrow drew:
 He forgit it sae forcefully
 The bow in flinders flew.
 Sik was the will of God, trow I; 85
 For, had the tree been trew,
 Men said, that kend his archery,
 He wald haif flain enow
 Belyve that day
 At Christ's Kirk on the green. 90

SCOTISH

X.

An haffy hensure, callit Hary,
 Quha was an archer heynd,
 Tytt up a taikel withoutten tary,
 That torment fac him teynd :
 I wat nae quhidder his hand coud vary, 95
 Or the man was his friend,
 For he escapit, threw the michts of Mary,
 As man that nae ill meind
 But gude that day
 At Christ's Kirk on the green. 100

XI.

Then Lowry lyke a lyon lap,
 And sone a flane can fedder:
 He hecht to perce him at the pap,
 Theron to wad a wedder:
 He hit him on the wame a wap, 105
 It buft like ony bledder,
 But sua, his fortune was and hap,
 His doublet made o lether
 Saift him that day
 At Christ's Kirk on the green. 110

XII.

COMIC BALLADS.

XII.

The buff fae boistrouſly abaist him
That he to th' erd dasht down ;
The ither man for deid there left him,
And fled out o the toun.
The wives came forth, and up thay reft him, 125
And fand lyfe in the loun.
Then wi three routs on's erse they reir'd him,
And cur'd him out o soone.

Frae hand that day

At Christ's Kirk on the green. 120

XIII.

A yape young man, that stude h'm neist,
Lous'd aff a schot wi yre :
He ettlit the bern in at the briest ;
The bolt flew owr the byre.
Ane cryd Ey ! he had slain a priest 125
A myle beyond a myre.
Then bow and bag frae him he keist ;
And fled as ferfs as fire

Frae flint that day

At Christ's Kirk on the green. 130

SCOTISH

XIV.

Wi forks and flails they lent grit flaps,
 And flang togidder like fryggs;
 Wi bougars of barns they best blew kapps,
 Quhyle they of bernes maid briggs.
 The reird raise rudely wi the rapps, 135
 Quhen rungs war laid on riggs;
 The wyfis came forth wi crys and clapps,
 Lo! where my lyking liggs!
 Quoth thay, that day
 At Christ's Kirk on the green. 140

XV.

Thay girnit, and lute gird wi granes;
 Ilk gossip oder grieved.
 Sum strak wi stings, sum gaddert stains,
 Sum fled and ill mischevet.
 The menstral wan within twa wains, 145
 That day fu weil he prievit;
 For he came hame wi unbirs'd bairs,
 Quhar fechtars war mischieved
 For evir that day
 At Christ's Kirk on the green. 150

XVI.

XVI.

Heich Hutchean, wi a hissil ryfs,
 To redd can throw them rummil,
 He muddilt them down lyk ony myce :
 He was nae baity bummyl.
 Thoch he was wicht he was nae wyfs 155
 With sic jangleurs to jummil ;
 For frae his thourne they dang a sklyfs
 Quhyle he cried, Barlafummil !
 I'm slain this day
 At Chrif's Kirk on the green, 160

XVII.

Quhen that he saw his blude sae reid
 To fle nicht na man let him.
 He weind it had been for auld feid ;
 He thocht ane cry'd Haif at him.
 He gart his feit defend his heed, 165
 The far fairer it set him,
 Quhyle he was past out of all pleid ;
 They sould bene swift that gat him
 Throw speid that day
 At Chrif's Kirk on the green. 170

XVIII.

The toun foutar in grief was bowdin,
 His wyfe hang at his waist:
 His body was in blude a browdin;
 He grin'd lyk ony ghaist.
 Hir glitterand hair that was fae gowden. 175
 Sae hard in lufe him laist,
 That for her sak he was nae youden
 Seven myle that he was chaist,
 And mair that day
 At Christ's Kirk on the green. 180

XIX.

The miller was of manly mak,
 To meit him was no mows;
 There durst not ten cum him to tak,
 Sae noytit he their pows.
 The buschment hale about him brak, 195
 And bikkert him wi bows:
 Syne trayterly, behint his back,
 They hew'd him on the hows
 Behind that day
 At Christ's Kirk on the green. 200

XX.

Twa that war herdmen of the herd,
 On udder ran lyk rams :
 Then followit feymen richt unaffeird,
 Bet on with barrow trams.
 But quhair thair gobs thay were ungeird, 205
 Thay gat upon the gams ;
 Quhyl bludy barkit war their bairds,
 As they had worriet lamms
 Maist lyk that day
 At Christ's Kirk on the green. 210

XXI.

The wyves keist up a hideous yell }
 Quhan all thir younkens yokkit ;
 Als ferfs as ony fire flauchts fell
 Freiks to the fields they flokkit.
 The carlis with clubs did uder quell 215
 Quhyl bluid at beists out bökkit.
 Sae rudelic rang the common bell
 That a the steipill rokkit
 For reird that day
 At Christ's Kirk on the green. 220

XXII.

XXII.

Be this Tam Tailor was in's gear,
 When he heard the common bell;
 Said he wald mak them all afeir
 When he cam there himsell.
 He went to fecht with sic a fear
 While to the erd he fell;
 A wife, that hit him to the grund,
 Wi a grit knocking mell
 Fel'd him that day
 At Christ's Kirk on the green.

XXIII.

When they had beir like baited bulls,
 And branewod brynt in bales;
 They war as meik as ony mulis
 That mangit ar wi mails.
 For faintness thae farfochtin fulis
 Fell down lyk flauchtir fails;
 Fresh men cam in and hail'd the dulis,
 And dang them down in dails
 Bedeen that day
 At Christ's Kirk on the green.

XXIV.

The bridegrom brought a pint of aile,
And bade the pyper drink it :
Drink it, quoth he, and it is faile ?
A shrew me if I think it.

The bride her maidens stood near by,
And said it was na blinked:
And Bartagafie, the bride fae gay,
Upon him fast she winked

Full foon that day

At Christ's Kirk on the green. 250

XXV.

When a was dune Dik with an aix
Came furth to fell a fudder ;
Quod he, whair ar yon hangit fmaiks
Richt now wald slain my brudder ?
His wyfe bad him, gae hame Glib Glaiks, 255
And sae did Meg his mudder ;
He turn'd and gaif them baith their paks,
For he durst ding nane udder

For feir that day

At Christ's Kirk on the green. 26

THE GABERLUNYIE MAN.

I.

THE pauky auld carle came our the lee :
 Wi mony good eens and days to mee,
 Saying, Gudewife, for your courtesie,
 Will ye ludge a filly poor man ?
 The night was cauld, the carle was wat,
 And down ayont the ingle he sat ;
 My dochter's shouthers he 'gan to clap,
 And cadgily ranted and sang.

II.

O wow ! quo he, war I as free :
 As first when I saw this country,
 How blythe and mirrie wad I be !
 And I wad never think lang.
 He grew canty, and scho grew fain,
 But little did her auld minny ken
 What thir slee twa togidder war sayen
 Whan wooing they war far thrang.

III.

COMIC BALLADS. 39

III.

And O, quo he, an yee war as black
As evir the croun o your daddy's hat,
Tis I wad lay ye be my bak,
And awa wi thee I'd gang.
And O, quo she, an I war as whyte
As er the snaw lay on the dyke,
I'd cleid me braw, and lady like,
And awa wi thee I'd gang.

IV.

Between the twa was made a plot :
They raise a wee before the cock,
And wylily they shot the lock,
And fast to the bent ar they gane.
Upon the morn the auld wyfe raise,
And at her leisure pat on her claife ;
Syne to the servant's bed scho gaes
To speir for the filly poor man.

V.

Scho gaed to the bed whar the beggar lay,
The strae was cauld he was away ;
Scho clapt her hands, cry'd, dulefu day !
For some o our gier will be gane.

Sume

Sume ran to coffer, and sume to kist,
 But nocht was stown that could be mist;
 She dancid her lane, cry'd, Praise be blest!
 I have ludg'd a leil poor man.

VI.

Since nathing's awa as we can learn,
 The kirk's to kirk, and milk to yearn,
 Gae but the house, lass, and waken my bairn;
 And bid her come quickly ben.
 The servant gaed quhar the dochter lay,
 (The sheits war cauld, scho was away)
 And fast to her gudewife gan say,
 Scho's aff wi the Gaberlunyie man.

VII.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar ryn,
 And haste ye find these traiters agen;
 For scho's be burnt, and he's be flean;
 The weirifou Gaberlunyie man.
 Some rade upo horse, some ran afit;
 The wife was wude, and out o her wit,
 Scho coud na gang, nor yet coud scho fit,
 But ay scho curst and scho bann'd.

VIII.

COMIC BALLADS.

31

VIII.

Meantime, far hind out ower the lee,
Fu snug in a glen, whar nane coud see,
Thir twa, in kindly sport and glee,
Cut frae a new cheése a whang.
The prieving was gude it pleas'd them baith;
To lue her for ay he gae her his aith:
Quo scho to leave thes I will be laith,
My winsum Gaberlunyie man.

IX.

O kend my minny I war wi you,
I'll fardly wad scho crook her mou;
Sik a poor man she'd nevir trow,
After the Gaberlunyie mon.
My dear, quo he, ye're yet our young,
And hae nae learnt the beggars tongue,
To fallow me frae toun to toun,
And carry the Gaberlunyie on.

X.

Wilkauk and keil I'll win your bread,
And spinnels and quhorles for them wha need;
Whilk is a gentle trade indeed
The Gaberlunyie to carrie.

I'll

THE COAT OF ARMS

I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
And draw a black clout our my eye,;
A cripple or blind they will ca me,
While we fall sing and be merrie.

THE

IV. THE

JOLLIE BEGGAR.

THERE was a jollie beggar, and a begg^{ing} he was
boun,

And he tuik up his quarters into a landart toun.

And we'll gang nae mair a rowing

Sae late into the nicht;

And we'll gang nae mair a rowing, boys,

Let the moon shine naer sae bricht.

He wad neither ly in barn, nor yet wad he in byre;

But in ahint the ha door, or els afore the fyre,

And we'll gang, &c.

The beggars bed was made at een wi gude clean straw
and hay,

And in ahint the ha dore, and there the beggar lay.

And we'll gang, &c.

D

Upraise

Upraise the gude man's dochter and for to bar the door,
And there she saw the beggar standing i' the floor,
And we'll gang, &c.

He tuke the lassie in his arms, and to the bed he ran;
O hooly, hooly wi me Sir! Ye'll waken our gude man.
And we'll gang, &c.

The beggar was a cunnin loon, and ne'er a word he spak
Till he gat his turn doon, fyne he began to crack.
And we'll gang, &c.

Is there ony dogs into this toun? Maiden tell me trew.
And what wad ye do wi them, my hinny and my dow?
And we'll gang, &c.

They'll rive a my meal pocks, and do me mickle wrang,
—O dool for the doing o't! Are ye the poor man?
And we'll gang, &c.

Then she tuik up the meal pocks, and flang them at
the wa.
The deil gae wi the meal pocks, my maidenhead
and a.
And we'll gang, &c.

I tuik

I tuik ye for some gentleman, at least the laird o Brodie.
O dool for the doing o't! Are ye the poor bodie?

And we'll gang, &c.

He tuik the lassie in his arms, and gae her kisses three,
And four and twenty hunder mark to pay the nurice
fee.

And we'll gang, &c.

He tuik a horn frae his side, and blew baith loud and
thrill,
And four-and-twenty belted knights came skipping our
the hill.

And we'll gang, &c.

And he tuik out his little knife, loot a his duddies fa,
And he was the brawest gentleman that was among
them a.

And we'll gang, &c.

The beggar was a cliver loon, and he lap shoulder-hicht,
O ay for sicken quarters as I gat yesternicht.

And we'll gang, &c.

V. T H E

V I S I O N.

I.

BEDOUN the bents of Banquo brae
 Mi-lane I wandert waif and wae,
 Mufand our main mischaunce;
 How be thay faes we ar undone,
 That staw the sacred stane frae Scone,
 And leid us sic a daunce:
 Quhile Ingland's Ederts tak our tours,
 And Scotland ferst obeys,
 Rude ruffians ransak ryal bours,
 And Baliol homage pays;
 Throch feidom our freidom
 Is blotit with this skore,
 Quhat Roman's, or no man's,
 Pith culd eir do befoir.

II.

II.

The ayr grew ruch with bousteous thuds,
Bauld Boreas branglit throw the cluds,
Maest lyke a drunken wicht ;
The thunder crackt, and flauchts did rift
Frae the black vissart of the lift ;
The forest schuke with fricht :
Nae birds abune thair wing exten,
They ducht not byde the blast ;
Ilk beist bedeen bang'd to thair den,
Until the storm was past :
Ilk creature in nature
That had a spunk of fence,
In neid then, with speid then,
Methocht cryt, " In defence."

III.

To se a morn in May fae ill,
I deimt dame Nature was gane will,
To rair with rackles reil ;
Quhairfor to put me out of pain,
And skonce my skap and shanks frae rain
I bure me to a biel,

Up ane hich craig that lundgit alaft,
 Out owre a canny cave,
 A curious cruif of Nature's craft,
 Quhilk to me shelter gaif;
 Ther vexit, perplexit,
 I leint me doun to weip,
 In breif ther, with grief ther
 I dottard owre on fleip,

IV.

Heir Somnus in his filent hand
 Held all my fences at command,
 Quhile I forgot my cair;
 The myldest meid of mortall wichts
 Quha pafs in peice the private nichts,
 That wauking finds it rare;
 Sae in fast slumbers did I ly,
 But not my wakryfe mynd,
 Quhilk still stude watch, and couth espy
 A man with aspeck kynd,
 Richt auld lyke and bauld lyke,
 With baird thre quarters skant,
 Sae braif lyke and graif lyke,
 He seimt to be a sanct,

V.

V.

Grit daring dartit frae his ee,
 A braid-sword schogled at his thie,
 On his left arm a targe;
 A shinand speir filled his richt-hand,
 Of stalwart mak, in bane and brawnd,
 Of just proportions large;
 A various rain-bow-colourt plaid
 Owre his left spawl he threw,
 Doun his braid back, frae his quhyte heid,
 The silver whimplers grew;
 Amaisit, I gaisit
 To se, led at command,
 A strampant and rampant
 Ferfs lyon in his hand;

VI.

Quhilk held a thistle in his paw,
 And round his collar graist I saw
 This poesie pat and plain,
Nemo me impune laceff-
-et: ----- In Scots, Nane sall oppress
Me, unpunisht with pain

Still schaking, I durst naithing say,
 Till he with kynd accent
 Sayd, Fere, let nocht thy hairt affray,
 I cum to heir thy plaint;
 Thy graining and maining
 Haith laithie reik'd mine eir,
 Debar then affar then
 All eirynefs or feir.

VII.

For I am ane of a hie station,
 The Warden of this auntient nation,
 And can nocht do thee wrang;
 I viffyt him then rounnd about,
 Syne with a resolution stout,
 Speird, Quhair he had been sae lang!
 Quod he, Althoch I sum forfuke,
 Becaus they did me flicht,
 To hills and glens I me betuke,
 To them that luvcs me richt;
 Quhafe mynds yet inclynd yet
 To damm the rappid spate,
 Devyfyng and pryfyng
 Freidom at ony rate.

VIII.

VIII.

Our trechour peirs thair tyranns treit,
Quha jib them, and thair substance eit,
And on thair honour stramp;
They puire degenerate! bend thair baks,
The victor, Longshanks, proudly cracks
He has blawn out our lamp:
Quhyle trew men, fair complainand, tell,
With sobis, thair silent greif,
How Baliol thair richts did sell,
With small howp of reliefe;
Regretand and fretand
Ay at his curfit plot,
Quha rammed and crammed
That bargain doun their throt.

IX.

Braif gentrie sweir, and burghers ban,
Revenge is muttert by ilk clan
That's to thair nation trew;
The cloysters cum to cun the evil,
Mail-payers wifs it to the devil,
With its contryving crew.

The

The hardy wald with hairty wills,
 Upon dyre vengeance fall ;
 The fechless fret owre heuchs and hills,
 And eccho answers all,
 Repetand and gretand,
 With mony a fair alace,
 For blasting and casting
 Our honour in disgrace.

X.

Waes me ! quod I, our case is bad,
 And mony of us are gane mad,
 Sen this disgraceful paction ;
 We are felld and herryt now by forfs,
 And hardly help fort, that's yit warfe,
 We are sae forfairn with faction.
 Then has not he gude cause to grumble,
 That's forst to be a flaif ?
 Oppression dois the judgment jumble,
 And gars a wyfe man raif.
 May chains then, and pains then
 Infernal be thair hyre
 Quha dang us, and flang us
 Into this ugsun myre.

XI.

XI.

Then he with bauld forbidding luke,
And staitly air did me rebuke,
For being of sprite fae mein :
Said he, Its far beneath a Scot
To use weak curses, quhen his lot
May sumtymes sour his splein ;
He rather sould, mair lyke a man,
Some braif design attempt ;
Gif its not in his pith, what than !
Rest but a quhyle content,
Not feirful, but cheirful,
And wait the will of Fate,
Which myndys to, desynds to
Renew your auntient state.

XII.

I ken sum mair than ye do all
Of quhat fall afterwart befall,
In mair auspicious tymes ;
For aften far abuse the mune,
We watching beings do convene,
Fra round eard's utmost clymes,

Quhair

Quhair evry Warden represents
 Cleirly his nation's case,
 Gif Famine, Pest, or Sword torments,
 Or vilains hie in place,
 Quha keip ay, and heip ay
 Up to themselves grit store,
 By rundging and spunging
 The leil laborious puire.

XIII.

Say then, said I, at your hie state,
 Lernt ye oucht of auld Scotland's fate,
 Gif eir schoil be her fell?
 With smyle celest, quod he, I can,
 But its nocht fit an mortall man
 Sould ken all I can tell:
 But part to thee I may unfold,
 And thou may saifly ken,
 Quhen Scottish peirs flicht Saxon gold,
 And turn trew heartit men;
 Quhen knaivrie and flauvrie,
 Ar equally dispyfd,
 And loyalte, and royalte,
 Univerfallie are pryfd.

XIV.

XIV.

Quhen all your trade is at a stand,
And cunyie clene forsaike the land,
Quhilk will be very sune,
Will priests without thair stybands preich?
For noucht will lawyers causes streich?
Faith that's nae easy dune.
All this, and mair, maun cum to pass,
To cleir your glomourit sicht;
And Scotland maun be maid an afs,
To set hir judgment richt.
They'l jade hir, and blad hir,
Until scho brak hir tether,
Thoch auld schois, yit bauld schois,
And teuch lyke barkit lether.

XV.

But mony a corse fall braithless ly,
And wae fall mony a widow cry,
Or all rin richt again;
Owr Cheviot prancing proudly North,
The faes fall tak the field near Forth,
And think the day their ain;

But burns that day fall ryn with blude
 Of them that now opprefs ;
 Thair carcasses be corbys fude,
 By thousands on the gress.
 A King then fall ring then,
 Of wyse renoun and braif,
 Quhase puisans and sapiens,
 Sall richt restoir and saif.

XVI.

The view of freidomis sweit, quod I,
 O fay, grit Tennent of the skye,
 How neiris that happie tyme ?
 We ken things but be circumstans :
 Nae mair, quod he, I may advance,
 Lest I commit a cryme.
 Quhat eir ye plees, gae on, quod I,
 I fall not fash ye moir,
 Say how, and quhair ye met, and quhy,
 As ye did hint befoir.
 With air then sae fair then,
 That glanst like rais of glory,
 Sae godlyk and oddlyk
 He thus resumit his storie.

XVII.

XVII.

Frae the fun's ryfing to his sett,
All the pryme rait of Wardens met,
In folemn bricht array,
With vechicles of aither cleir ;
Sic we put on quhen we appeir
To fauls rowit up in clay ;
Ther in a wyd and splendid hall,
Reird up with fhynand beims,
Quhais rufe-tries were of rain-bows all,
And paift with ftarrie gleims,
Quhilk prinkled and twinkled
Brightly beyont compair,
Much famed and named
A CASTILL IN THE AYR.

XVIII.

In midft of quhilk a tabill ftude,
A fpacious oval, reid as blude,
Made of a fyre-flaucht,
Arround the dazeling walls were drawn,
With rays be a celeftial hand,
Full mony a curious draucht.

Inferiour

Inferiour beings flew in haist,
 Without gyde or directour,
 Millions of myles throch the wyld waist,
 To bring in bowlis of nectar :
 Then roundly and soundly
 We drank lyk Roman gods :
 Quhen Jove fae dois rove fae,
 That Mars and Bacchus nods.

XIX.

Quhen Phebus' heid turns licht as cork,
 And Neptune leans upon his fork,
 And limband Vulcan blethers :
 Quhen Pluto glowrs as he were wyld,
 And Cupid, luvess wee wingit chyld,
 Fals down and fylls his fethers.
 Quhen Pan forgets to tune his reid,
 And flings it cairless bye,
 And Hermes, wingd at heils and heid,
 Can nowther stand nor lye :
 Quhen staggirand and swaggirand,
 They stoyter hame to sleip,
 Quhyle centeries and enteries
 Immortall watches keip.

XX.

XX.

Thus we tuke in the hich brown liquour,
And bangd about the nectar biquour;
But evir with this ods,
We neir in drink our judgments drensche,
Nor scour about to seik a wensch
Lyk these auld baudy gods;
But franklie at ilk uther ask,
Quhat's proper we suld know,
How ilk ane has performit the task,
Assignd to him below.
Our mynd then, fae kynd then,
Is fixt upon our care,
Ay noting and plotting
Quhat tends to thair weilfair.

XXI.

Gothus and Vandall baith lukt bluff,
Quhyle Gallus sneerd and tuke a snuff,
Quhilk made Allmane to stare;
Latinus bad him naithing feir,
But lend his hand to haly weir,
And of cowl crouns tak care;

R

Batavius

Batavius with his paddock-face
 Luking asquint, cry'd, Pifch!
 Your monks are void of fence or grace,
 I had leur ficht for fifch;
 Your schule-men ar fule-men,
 Carvit out for dull debates,
 Decoying and destroying
 Baith monarchies and states.

XXII.

Iberius with a gurlie nod
 Cryd, Hogan, yes, we ken your God,
 Its herrings ye adore.
 Heptarchus, as he usd to be,
 Can nocht with his ain thochts agre,
 But varies bak and fore;
 Ane quhile he says, It is not richt
 A Monarch to resist;
 Neist braif all ryal powir will flicht,
 And passive homage jest:
 He hitches and fitches
 Between the *hic* and *hoc*,
 Ay jieand and fleand
 Round lyk a wedder-cock,

XXIII.

COMIC BALLADS.

51

XXIII.

I still support my precedens
 Abune them all, for sword and sens,
 Thoch I haif layn richt lown,
 Quhilk was, becaus I bure a grudge
 At sum fule Scotis, quha lykd to drudg
 To princes no thair awin;
 Sum Thanis their tennants pykit and squeist,
 And purfit up all thair rent,
 Syne wallopit to far courts, and bleist,
 Till riggs and schaws war spent;
 Syne byndging, and whyndging,
 Quhen thus redusit to howps,
 They dander and wander
 About, puire lickmadowps.

XXIV.

But now its tyme for me to draw
 My shynand sword against club-law,
 And gar my lyon roir;
 He fall or lang gie sic a found,
 The eccho fall be heard around
 Europe frae schore to schore;

E 2

Then

Then let them gadder all thair strength,
 And stryve to wirk my fall,
 Thoch numerous, yit at the lenth
 I will owrcum them all,
 And raise yit and blase yit
 My braifrie and renown,
 By gracing and placing
 Aright the Scottis crown.

XXV.

Quhen my braif BRUCE the same fall weir
 Upon his ryal heid, full cleir
 The diadem will shyne ;
 Then fall your fair oppreßion ceis,
 His intrest yours he will not fleice,
 Or leif you eir inclyne:
 Thoch millions to his purse be lent,
 Ye'll neir the puirer be,
 But rather richer, quhyle its spent
 Within the Scottis se:
 The field then fall yield then
 To honest husband's welth,
 Gude laws then fall cause then
 A sickly state haif helth.

XXVI.

XXVI.

Quhyle thus he talkit, methocht ther came
 A wondir fair etherial dame,
 And to our Warden sayd,
 Grit Callydon I cum in ferch
 Of you, frae the hich starry arch,
 The counfill wants your aid ;
 Frae evry quarter of the sky,
 As swift as a quhirl-wynd,
 With spirits speid the chieftains hy,
 Sum grit thing is defygnd.
 Owre muntans be funtains,
 And round ilk fairy ring,
 I haif chaist ye, O haist ye,
 They talk about your King.

XXVII.

With that my hand methocht he schuke,
 And wischt I happynefs nicht bruke,
 To eild by nicht and day,
 Syne quicker than an arrow's flicht,
 He mountit upwards frae my sicht,
 Straicht to the milkie way ;

My mynd him followit throw the skyes,
 Untill the brynie streame
 For joy ran trickling frae myne eyes,
 And wakit me frae my dreame;
 Then peiping, half sleiping,
 Frae furth my ryal beild,
 It eisit me, and pleisit me
 To se and smell the feild.

XXVIII.

For Flora in hir clene array,
 New washen with a shawir of May,
 Lukit full sweit and fair;
 Quhile hir cleir husband frae above,
 Sched down his rayis of genial luve,
 Hir sweits perfumit the ayr;
 The wynds war husht, the welkin cleird,
 The glumand clouds war fled,
 And all as fast and gay appeird
 As ane Elyfian sched;
 Quhil heisit and bleisit,
 My heart with sic a fyre,
 As raises these praifes,
 That do to heaven aspyre.

VI. I

ANE HIS AWIN ENEMY.

I.

HE that has gold and grit riches,
 And may be into myrriness;
 And dois gladness fra him expell,
 And levis into wretchitnes,
 He wirkis sorrow to himsell.

II.

He that may be but sturt or stryfe,
 And leif ane lusty plesand lyfe,
 And syne with mariege dois him mell;
 And binds him with ane wicket wyfe,
 He wirkis sorrow to himsell.

III.

He that has for his awin genyie
 Ane plesand prop bot mauk or menyie,
 And shuttis syne at an uncow schell,
 And is forfain wi the fleis of Spenyie,
 He wirkis sorrow to himsell.

IV.

And he that with gude lyfe and trewth
 But variance or uder flewth,
 Dois evir mair with ane maister dwell,
 That nevir of him will haif no rewth,
 He wirkis sorrow to himsell.

V.

Now all this tyme let us be mirry,
 And set nocht by this world a chirry;
 Now quhyle thair is gude wyne to fell,
 He that dois on dry bread wirry
 I gif him to the devill of hell,

VII. Advice

VII.

Advice to spend anis awin Gudes.

I.

MAN, fen thy lyfe is ay in weir,
 And deid is evir drawand neir,
 Thy tyme unficker and the place :
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow has space.

II.

Gif it be thyne, thyself it ufis ;
 Gif it be not, thé it refuses ;
 Ane uthir of the profite has :
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow has space.

III.

Thow may to day haif gude to spend,
 And hastely to morne fra it wend,
 And leif ane uthir thy baggis to brais.
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow has space.

IV.

IV.

Quhile thou has se thou dispone,
 That for thy geir, quhen thou art gone,
 No wicht ane uder slay or chace.
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thou has space.

V.

Sum all his dayis dryvis our in vane,
 Ay gadderand geir with sorrow and pane;
 And nevir is glaid at Yule nor Pais.
 Thyne awin gude spend quhile thou has space.

VI.

Syne cumis ane uder, glaid of his sorrow,
 That for him prayit nowdir evin nor morrow,
 And fangis it all with mirrynais.
 Thyne awin gude spend quhile thou has space.

VII.

Sum grit gud gadderis, and ay it spairs;
 And after him thair cumis yung airis
 That his auld thrift settis on an ace.
 Thyne awin gude spend quhile thou has space.

VIII.

It is all thyne that thou heir spends;
 And nocht all that on thé depends
 Bot his to spend it that has grace.
 Thine awin gude spend quhile thou has space.

IX.

IX.

Trest nocht ane uther will do thé to
It that thyself wald nevir do ;
For gif thou dois strenge is thy cace.
Thyne awin gude spend quhile thou has space.

X.

Luk how the bairne dois to the muder,
And tak example be nane udder.
That it nocht after be thy cace.
Thyne awin gude spend quhile thou has space.

VIII.

BEST TO BE BLYTH.

I.

FULL oft I muse and hes in thocht
 How this fals world is ay on flicht,
 Quhair nothing ferme is nor degest;
 And quhen I haif my mynd all focht,
 For to be blyth me think it best.

II.

This world evir dois flicht and wary;
 Fortoun sa fast hir quheill dois cary
 Na tyme but turne can tak rest,
 For quhois false change fuld nane be fary,
 For to be blyth me think it best.

III.

Wald man considder in mynd richt weil,
 Or Fortoun on him turn her quheil,
 That erdly honour may nocht lest,
 His fall les panefull he fuld feil.
 For to be blyth me think it best.

IV.

IV.

Quha with this warld dois warfell and stryfe,
And dois his dayis in dolour dryfe,
Thoch he in lordschip be posselt,
He levis bot ane wretchit life.
For to be blyth me think it best.

V.

Of wardlis gud and grit riches
Quhat frucht has man but mirrines?
Thoch he this warld had, eist and west,
A were povertie but glaidnes.
For to be blyth me think it best.

VI.

Quho suld for tynfall drown or dé
For thyng that is bot vanitie?
Sen to the lyfe that ever dois lest
Heir is bot twynkling of an ee.
For to be blyth me think it best.

VII.

Had I for warld's unkyndnes
In haist tane ony havines;
Or fro my pleasans bene opprest,
I had bene deid langsyne doubtles.
For to be blyth me think it best.

VIII.

VIII.

How evir this world do change and vary,
 Lat us in hairt nevir moir be fary;
 But evir be reddy and addrest
 To pass out of this frawfull fary.
 For to be blyth me think it best.

IX. ROBENE

IX.

ROBENE AND MAKYN.

I.

ROBENE sat on gud grene hill,
Keipand a flok of fie:

Mirry Makyne said him till,

She. Robene thow rew on me;

I haif thé luvit lowd and still

This yeiris two or thré:

My dule in dern bot gif thow dill,

Doubtless bot dreid I dé.

II.

He. Robene answerit, Be the rude

Nathing of lufe I knaw;

Bot keipis my scheip undir yone wud,

Lo quhair they raik on raw.

Quhat hes marrit thé in thy mude,

Makyne, to me thow schaw?

Or quhat is lufe or to be lufed?

Faine wald I leir that law.

III.

III.

She. At luvis lair gif thow will leir,
 Tak thair an A, B, C :
 Be kynd, courtas, and fair of feir,
 Wyse, hardy, and fré.
 Sé that no danger do thé deir,
 Quhat dule in dern thow dré ;
 Preißs thé with pane at all poweir,
 Be patient and previe.

IV.

Robene answerit her agane,
He. I wait nocht quhat is luvé ;
 Bot I haif marvell incertaine
 Quhat makis thé this wanruse.
 The weddir is fair, and I am fane,
 My schein gois haill aboif ;
 An we wald play us in this plane
 Thay wald us baith reproif.

V.

She. Robene tak tent unto my tale,
 And wirk all as I reid ;
 And thow fall haif my hairt all haile,
 Als far as maid couth yied.

Sen God fendis bute for baill,
 And for murning remeid,
 In dern with thé but gif I daill
 Doubtles I am bot deid.

VI.

He. Makyne, to morne this ilka tyde
 And ye will meit me heir;
 Peraventure my scheip may gang besyd
 Quhill we haif liggit full neir.
 Bot maugre haif I an I byd
 Fra they begin to steir;
 Quhat lyis on hairt I will nocht hyd,
 Makyne than mak gud cheir.

VII.

She. Robene, thou reivis me rois and rest,
 I luev but thé allone.

He. Makyne, adew, the fone gois west
 The day is neirhand gone.

She. Robene, in dule I am so drest
 That lufe will be my bone.

He. Ga lufe, Makyne, quhair evir thou list,
 For leman I lue none.

VIII.

She. Robene, I stand in sic a style,
I sicht and that full fair.

He. Makyne, I haif bene heir this quhile;
At hame God gif I wair.

She. My hinny Robene, talk ane quhyle
Gif thou wilt do na mair.

He. Makyne sum uther man begyle,
For hamewart I will fair.

IX.

Robene on his wayis went
As licht as leif of tré:
Makyne murnit in her intent,
And trowd him nevir to fé.
Robene brayd attour the bent;
Than Makyne cryit on hie:
Now ma thou sing, for I am schent!
Quhat alis lufe with me?

X.

Makyne went hame withouttin faill,
Full werry aftir couth weip.
Than Robene in a ful fair daill
Assemblit all his scheip.

COMIC BALLADS.

67

Be that sum parte of Makyne's ail
Ourthrow his hairt coud creip:
He followit hir fast thair till assaill
And till her tuke gude keep.

XI.

He. Abyd, abyd, thou fair Makyne;
A word for ony thing!
For all my luvie it fall be thyne
Withouttin departing.
All haill thy hairt for till haif myne
Is all my cuvating:
My scheip to morn quhill houris myne
Will neid of no keping.

XII.

She. Robene, thou has hard sounge and say,
In gestis and stories auld,
The man that will not quhen he may,
Sall haif nocht quhen he wald.
I pray to Jesu every day
Mot eik thair cairis cauld,
That first preiffis with thé to play
Be firth, forrist, or fauld.

F 2

XIII.

XIII.

He. Makyne, the nicht is soft and dry,
 The wedder is warme and fair;
 And the grene woud rycht neir us by
 To walk attour all, quhair
 Thair may na janglour us espy,
 That is to lufe contrair:
 Thairin, Makyne, baith ye and I
 Unfene we may repair.

XIV.

She. Robene, that warld is all away,
 And quyt brocht till ane end;
 And nevir again thereto perfay,
 Sall it be as thou wend.
 For of my pane thou made it play,
 And all in vane I spend:
 As thou hes done sa fall I fay
 Murne on I think t^o mend.

XV.

He. Makyne, the howp of all my heill,
 My hairt on thé is sett,
 And evir mair to thé be leill,
 Quhyle I may leif but lett.

Nevir to faill, as utheris faill,
 Quhat grace that evir I gett.

She. Robene, with thé I will not deill.

Adew, for thus we mett.

XVI.

Makyne went hame blythe aneuche
 Attoure the holtis hair :
 Robene murnit, and Makyne leuche,
 Scho fang, he sichit fair.
 And so left him baith wo and wreuch,
 In dolour and in cair,
 Kepand his hird under a heuch,
 Amang the holtis hair.

X.

The Wowing of JOK and JENNY.

I.

ROBEYN's Jok cam to wow our Jenny,
 On our feist evin quhen we were fow :
 Scho brankit fast and maid her bonny ;
 And said, Jok come ye for to wow ?
 Scho burneist hir baith breist and brow,
 And maid her cleir as ony klok.
 Than spak his demie, and said, I trow
 Ye come to wow our Jenny, Jok.

II.

Jok said, Forfuth I yern full fane
 To lout my heid, and fit down by yow.
 Than spak his modir, and said agane
 My bairne has tocher gud to gé yow.
 Te he, quoth Jenny, keik, keik, I fé you ;
 Muder, yon man maks yow a mok.
 I schro the lyar, full leis me you ;
 I come to wow your Jenny quoth Jok.

III.

III.

My berne, fcho fayis, hes of hir awin
 Ane gufs, ane gryce, ane cok, ane hen,
 Ane calf, ane hog, ane fute-braid-fawin,
 Ane kirn, ane pin, that ye weill ken.
 Ane pig, ane pot, ane raip there ben,
 Ane fork, ane flaik, ane reill, ane rok;
 Dischis, and dublaris, nyne or ten.
 Come ye to wow our Jenny, Jok?

IV.

Ane blanket, and ane wecht also,
 Ane shule, ane sheit, and ane lang flail;
 Ane ark, ane almry, and laddils two,
 Ane mylk-syth with ane fwyne tail:
 Ane roufty quhittil to fcheir the kail,
 Ane quheil, ane mell the beir to knok;
 Ane cog, ane caird wantand ane nail.
 Come ye to wow our Jenny, Jok?

V.

Ane furme, ane furlet, ane pok, ane pek,
 Ane tub, ane barrow, with ane quheilband;
 Ane tu's, ane troch, and ane meil fak,
 Ane spurtil braid, and ane elwand.

— Jok tuke Jenny be the hand,
 And cry'd, Ane feist; and slew ane cok;
 And maid a brydell up alland.
 Now haif I gottin your Jenny, quoth Jok.

VI.

Now, deme, I haif your bairne mariet;
 Suppois ye mak it nevir sa tuche,
 I latt yow wit sho is nocht miskarrit;
 It is weill kend I haif eneuche.
 Ane crukit gleyd fell our ane huche,
 Ane spaid, ane speit, ane spur, ane fok,
 Withouuttin oxin I haif a pluche,
 To gang togidder Jenny and Jok,

VII.

I haif ane helter, and eik ane hek,
 Ane coird, ane creil, and als ane cradill,
 Fyve fiddler of raggis to stuf ane jak,
 Ane auld pannel of ane laid sadill;
 Ane pepper polk maid of a padell,
 Ane spounge, ane spindill, wantand ane nok,
 Twa lusty lippis to lick ane laddil,
 To gang togidder Jenny and Jok,

VIII.

VIII.

Ane brechame, and twa brochis fyne,
 Weil buklit with ane brydel renyé;
 Ane fark maid o the Linkome twyne,
 Ane gay grene cloke that will not stenyé.
 And yet for mister I will nocht fenyé
 Fyve hundirth fleis now in a flok,
 Call ye nocht that anjoly menyé
 To gang togidder Jenny and Jok?

IX.

Ane trone, ane trencheour, ane ramhorne spone,
 Twa buttis of barkit blasnit ladder;
 All graith that gains to habbil shone,
 Ane thraw-cruck to twyne ane tedder;
 Ane brydil, ane grith, and ane swyne bledder,
 Ane maskene-fatt, and fetterit lak,
 Ane scheip weil keipit fra ill wedder,
 To gang togidder Jenny and Jok.

X.

Tak thairfoir my part of the feist,
 It is weill knawin I am weill bodin;
 Ye may nocht say my parte is leist.
 The wyfe said Speid. The kail are foddin;

And

And als the laverock is fust and loddin ;
 When ye haif done tak haim the brok,
 The rost was tuche, fa were they boddin :
 Syn gaid togidder bayth Jenny and Jok.

XI.

Ane littill Interlud of the Droichis
part of the Play.

I.

HIRY, Hary, Hubbilschow!
Sé ye not quha is cum now,

Bot yit wait I nevir how

With the quhirle wind?

A fargeand out of Soudoun land,

A gyane strang for to stand,

That with the strength of my hand

Bereis may bind.

II.

Bot yit I trow that I vary,

I am bot ane blynd Hary,

That lang has bene with the fary

Farlyis to find.

And yit gif this be not I,

I wait it is the spreit of Gy,

Or ellis fle be the sky,

And lycht as the lynd.

III.

Quha is cum heir bot I,
 A bauld busteous bellomy,
 Amang you all to cry a cry
 With ane mighty foun?
 That generit am of gyanis kynd,
 Fra the strong Hercules be strynd;
 Of all the occident and ynde
 My elderis woir the croun.

IV.

My foir grandsyr, hecht Fyn Mackowll,
 That dang the devill and gart him yowll;
 The skyis rainid quhen he wald yowll,
 He trublit all the air.
 He gat my gud-fyr Gog Magog,
 He quhen he danfit the warld wald schog,
 Ten thowfand ellis yied in his frog
 Of Heland plaidis, and mair.

V.

And yit he was of tendir yowth:
 But aftir he grew mekle at fowth,
 Ellevin myle wyd mett wes his mowth,
 His teith was ten myle squair.

He

He wald upoun his tais upstand,
 And tak the starnis doun with his hand,
 And fet thame in a gold garland
 Aboif his wyvis hair.

VI.

My fader, mekle Gow Macmorne,
 Out of his moderis wame was shorne;
 For littilnes scho was forlorne
 Siche an a kemp to beir.
 Or he of aige was yeiris thré
 He wald step over the Occraine se:
 The mone sprang nevir above his kné;
 The hevins had of him feir.

VII.

Ane thousand yeir is past fra mynd
 Sen I was generit of his kynd,
 Far furth in the defartis of Ynd
 Amang lyoun and beir.
 Worthie King. Arthour, and Gawane,
 And many a bawld berne of Bartane,
 Ar deid, and in the weiris ar flane,
 Sen I cowlde wield a speir.

VIII.

VIII.

Sophie and the Sowdoun strang,
 With weiris that has lestit lang
 Owt of thair boundis has maid me gang
 And turn to Turkey tyte.
 The King of Francis grit army
 Hes brocht in derth in Lumbardy,
 That in the cuntré he and I,
 Can nocht dwell baith perfyte.

IX.

Swadrik, Denmark, and Norraway,
 Nor in the Steiddis, I dar nocht ga;
 Thair is nothing bot and flae,
 Cut throppillis, and make quyte.
 Yrland for evir I haif reffusit;
 All wyis men will hald me excusit,
 For nevir in land quhair Eliche was uist
 To dwell had I delyte.

X.

I haif bene formest evir in feild,
 And now sa lang I haif borne the scheild
 That I am crynit in for eild,
 This littil as ye may sie.

haif

I haif been banneist under the lynd
This lang tyme that nane could me fynd,
Quhill now with this last eistin wynd
I am cum heir perdie.

XI.

My name is WELTH; thairfoir be blyth
I am cum comfort you to kyth.
Suppois wrechis will waill and wryth,
All darth I fall gar dré.
For certanelie the trewth to tell,
I cum amang you for to dwell,
Far fra the sound of Curphour bell
To dwell thinks nevir me.

XII.

Now sen I am such quantitie
Of gyanis cum as ye may fie,
Quhair will be gottin a wyfe to me
Of sicklyk breid and hicht?
In all this bowre is nocht a bryde
Ane hour I wait, dar me abyde;
Yit trow ye ony heir besyde
Micht suffir me all nicht?

XIII.

XIII.

Adew, fareweil, for now I go;
 Bot I will nocht lang byd you fro.
 Chryst yow conserve fra every woe,
 Baith maidin, wyf, and man.
 God blis thame and the haly rude!
 Givis me a drink, sa it be gude;
 And quha trowis best that I do lude
 Skink first to me the kan.

XII.

Ane Ballat of evill WYFFIS.

I.

BE mirry bretheren ane and all,
 And fet all sturt on syd;
 And every ane togidder call
 To God to be our gyd:
 For als lang leivis the mirry man
 As dois the wrech for ocht he can,
 Quhen deid him streks, he wait nocht quhan,
 And chairgis him to byd.

II.

The riche then fall nocht sparit be,
 Thoch thay haif gold and land;
 Nor yit the fair for thair bewty;
 Can nocht that chairge ganestand:
 Thoch wicht or waik wald flé away,
 No dowl bot all mon ransone pay,
 Quhat place, or quhair, can no man say,
 Be sie, or yit be land.

G

III.

III.

Quhairfoir my counsaill, brethir is,
 That we togiddir sing,
 And all to loif that Lord of bliss,
 That is of hevinis king.
 Quha knawis the secreit thochts and dowl
 Of all our hairtes round about ;
 And he quha thinks him nevir so stout
 Mone thoill that puniffing.

IV.

Quhat man but fryf, in all his lyfe,
 Dois test moir of deid's pane,
 Nor dois the man, quhilk on the fie
 His leving feiks to gane ?
 For quhen distrefs dois him opprefs,
 Than to the Lord for his redrefs,
 Quha gaif command for all exprefs
 To call and nocht refrain.

V.

The myrriest man that leivis on lyfe
 He sailis on the fie ;
 For he knawis nowdir sturt nor fryfe,
 Bot blyth and mirry be.

Bot

Bot he that hes an evill wyfe
Hes sturt and sorrow all his lyfe :
And that man quhilk leivis ay in strife
How can he mirry be ?

VI.

Ane evill wyfe is the werst aucht
That ony man can haif ;
For he may never sit in saucht,
Onless he be hir sklaif.
Bot of that fort I knaw nane uder
Bot owthir a kukald, or his bruder,
Fondlars and kukalds all togidder
May wis their wyfis in graif.

VII.

Becaus thair wyfis hes maistry
That thay dar nawayis cheip,
Bot gif it be in privity,
Quhan thair wis ar on sleip.
Ane mirry in thair cumpany
Were to thame worth baith gold and sic ;
Ane menstrall could nocht bocht be,
Thair mirth gif he could beir.

VIII.

Bot of that fort quhilk I report
 I knaw nane in this ring;
 Bot we may all baith grit and small,
 Glaidly baith dance and sing.
 Quha list nocht heir to mak gude cheir,
 Perchance his gudes ane uther yeir
 Be spent, quhen he is brocht to bier,
 Quhen his wyfe tak the fling.

IX.

It has bene sene that wyfe wemen,
 Eftir thair husband's deid,
 Hes gettin men hes gart them ken
 Gif thay nicht beir grit laid.
 With ane grene fling hes gart them bring;
 The yeir quhilk won wes be ane dring;
 And syne gart all the bairnis sing
 Ramukloch in thair bed.

X.

Than wad scho say, Alace! this day
 For him that wan this geir:
 Quhen I him had I skairfly said,
 My hairt anis mak gud cheir.

COMIC BALLADS.

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Or I had lettin him spend a plak,
I lever haif wittin him brokin his bak;
Or ellis his craig had gottin a crak
Our the heicht of the stair.

XI.

Ye neigartis then example tak,
And leir to spend your awin:
And with gud freyns ay mirry mak,
That it may be weil knawin
That thou art he quha wan this geir;
And for thy wyfe se thou not spair
With gud freyns ay to mak repair,
Thy honesty may be shawin.

XII.

Finis, quoth I, quha fettis nocht by
The ill wyfis of this toun;
Thoch for despyt with me wald flyte
Gif thay nicht put me down.
Gif ye wald know quha maid this sang,
Quhiddel ye will him heid or hang,
Flemyng's his name quhair evir he gang,
In place, or in quhat toun.

G 3

XIII. BALLAT

XIII.

BALLAT OF GUDE-FALLOWIS.

I.

I Mak it kend he that will spend,
 And live God lait and air,
 God will him mend, and grace him fend,
 Quhen catyvis fall haif cair.
 Thairfoir pretend weill for to spend
 Of geir, and nocht till spair :
 I know the end that all mon wend
 Away nakit and bair.
 With an O, and an I,
 Ane wreche fall haif na mair,
 Bot ane schort scheit at heid and feit,
 For all his wreck and wair.

II.

For all the wrak a wreche can pak,
 And in his baggis imbrace,
 Yet deid fall tak him be the bak,
 And gar him cry, Allace !

Than

Than fall he fwak away with lak
 And wait nocht to quhat place;
 Than will thay mak at him a knak
 That maist of his gud hais!
 With an O, and an I,
 Quhyle we have tyme and space,
 Mak we gud cheir quhyle we are heir,
 And thank God of his grace.

III.

Were thair ane king to rax and ring
 Amang gude-fallowis cround,
 Wrechis wald wring, and mak murnyng,
 For dule thay fald be dround.
 Quha finds ane dring, owder auld or yin'g,
 Gar hoy him out and hound:
 Now lat us sing with Chrystis blissing,
 Be glaid, and mak gude found.
 With an O, and ane I,
 Now or we furder found:
 Drink thow to me, and I to thé
 And let the cop go round.

IV.

Quha updirstude fuld haif his gude
 Or he were closd in clay,
 Sum in thair mude thay wald go wude,
 And de lang or thair day.

Nocht worthe ane hude, or ane auld snude,
 Thou fall beir hyne away.
 Wreche, be the rude, for, to conclude,
 Full few will for thé pray.
 With ane O, and ane I,
 Gude-fallowis, quhill we may,
 Be mirry and fré, fyne blyth we be,
 And sing on tway and tway.

COMIC BALLADS.

XIV.

THE BLAIT LUVAR.

QUHEN Flora had our fret the first,
In May of every moneth quene,
Quhen merle and mavis singis with mirth
Sweit melling in the schawis schene;
Quhen luvaris rejosit bene,
And most desyrus of thair pray;
I hard a lusty luvar mene,
I lue, bot I dar nocht assay.

II.

Strang are the panis I daylie prufe,
Bot yet with patience I sustene;
I am so fetterit with the lufe
Onlie of my lady schene;
Quhylk for her bewty nicht be quene,
Natour sa craftely alwey
Hes done depaint that sweit scherene;
Quhome I lufe I dar nocht essay.

III.

III.

Scho is sa brycht of hyd and hew

I lufe but hir allone I wene ;

Is none hir lufe that may eschew

That blenkis of that dulce amene.

Sa cumly cleir ar hir twa ene,

That scho ma luvaris dois effray

Than evir of Grice did fair Helene.

Quhom I luf I dar nocht assay.

XV.

L U V E A N E L E V E L L A R.

I.

L U V E preysis but comparefone
Both gentil, fempill, generall;
And of fre will gevis warefone
As fortoun chanfis to befall.
For luv makis nobill ladies thrall
To baffir men of birth and blude;
So luv garris fobir wemen small
Get maistrice our grit men of gud.

II.

Ferme luv for favour, feir, or feid,
Of riche nor pur to speik sould spair;
For luv to hienefs has no heid,
Nor lychlies lawlinefs ane hair.
But puttis all personis in compair,
This proverb planely for to preve,
That men and wemen lefs and mair
Are cumde of Adame and of Eve.

III.

III.

Sa thoch my liking were a leddy,
 And I no lord, yet, nocht the less,
 Scho suld my service find als reddy
 As duke to duchess docht him drefs:
 For as proud princely luvè exprefs
 Is to haif soverenetie,
 So service cummis of sempilness,
 And leilest luvè of law degré.

IV.

So luvaris lair no leid suld lak,
 A lord to lufe a silly lass,
 A leddy als: for luf to tak
 Ane propir page, hir tym to pass.
 For quhy? As bricht bene birneist brass
 As silver wrocht at all dewyfs;
 And als gud drinking out of glafs
 As gold, thoch gold gif gritter pryfs.

XVI.

TO HIS HAIRT.

I.

RETURNE thé hamewart, hairt, agane;
And byde quhair then wast went to be:
Thou art ane fule to suffer pane
For luve of hir that luvis not thé.
My hairt, lat be sic fantesie;
Luve nane bot as they mak thé cause:
And lat hir seik ane hairt for thé,
For feind a crum of thé scho fawis.

II.

To quhat effect fould thou be thrall
But thank? Sen thou has thy fré will,
My hairt be nocht sa bestial;
But knaw quha dois thé guid or ill.
Remane with me, and tary still,
And se quha playis best their pawis;
And lat fillok ga sling her fill,
For feind a crum of thé scho fawis.

III.

III.

Thoch scho be fair I will not fenyie,
 Scho is the kind of utheris ma:
 For quhy? Thair is a fellone menyie
 That semis gud, and ar not fa.
 My hairt tak nowdir pane nor wa,
 For Meg, for Merjory, or yit Mawis;
 Bot be thou glaid, and latt hir ga,
 For feind a crum of thé scho fawis.

IV.

Becaus I find scho tuk in ill,
 At her depairting thow mak na cair;
 Bot all begyld go quhair scho will;
 A schrew the hairt that mane makis mair!
 My hairt be mirry late and air,
 This is the fynall end and claufe;
 And let hir fallow ane filly fair,
 For feind a crum of thé scho fawis.

XVII.

RONDEL OF LUVÉ.

I.

LO quhat it is to lufe,
 Lern ye that list to prufe;
 Be me, I say, that no ways may
 The grund of grief remuve:
 Bot still decay both nicht and day.
 Lo quhat it is to lufe!

II.

Lufe is ane fervent fyre
 Kendillit with desyre,
 Schort plesour, lang displeour,
 Repentance is the hyre;
 Ane puir tresour without messour.
 Lufe is ane fervent fyre.

III.

To lufe and to be wyifs;
 To rege with gude adwyifs;
 Now thus, now than, fo gois the game;
 Incertaine is the dyifs.
 Thair is no man, I say, that can
 Both lufe and to be wyifs

IV.

Flé alwayis frome the snair:
 Lerne at me to beware
 It is ane pane, and double trant,
 Of endless wo and cair.
 For to refrane that danger plane,
 Flé alwayis frome the snair.

The Wife of Auchtermuchty.

IN Auchtermuchty thair dwellt ane man,
An husband, as I hard it tauld,
Quha weil could tippill out a can;
And naithir luvit, hungir nor could.
Quhill anis it fell upon a day,
He yokkit his pleuch upon the plain,
Gif it be trew, as I heard say,
The day was fowll for wind and rain.

II.
He lowsit the pleuch at the landis end,
And draife his oxen hame at ene,
Quhen he came in he lukit ben,
And saw the wife, baith dry and clene,
Sittand at ane fyre beik and bauld,
With ane fat soup, as I heard say;
The man being very weit and could,
Betwein thay twa it was na play.

III.

Quoth he, Quhair is my horsis corn ?
My ox hes naithir hay nor stray :
Dame ye maun to the pleuch the morn ;
I fall be hussey gif I may.
Husband, quoth scho, content am I
To tak the pleuch my day about ;
Sa ye will rewill baith kavis and ky,
And all the house baith in and out.

IV.

But sen that ye will husseykep ken,
First ye fall sift, and fyne fall kneid ;
And ay as ye gang but and ben
Luk that the bairnis fyle not the bed.
Yeis lay ane lost wyf to the kill ;
(We haif ane deir ferme on our heid).
And, ay as ye gang furth and till,
Keip weill the gailings fra the gled.

V.

The wyfe was up richt late at ene
I pray God gife her weill to fair !
Scho kirk'd the kirk, and skum'd it cleane,
Lest the gudeman bot bledoch bair.

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Than in the morning up scho gat;
And on hir hairt laid her disjune;
And pat als meikle in her lap
As micht haif ferd them baith at nune.

VI.

Says, Jok, be thou maister of wark;
And thou fall had, and I fall ka;
Ise promise the ane gude new fark,
Outhir of round claith or of sma.
Scho lousit the oxin aught or nine,
And hynt ane gad-staff in her hand.—
Up the gudeman raise after syne,
And saw the wyfe had done command:

VII.

He cawd the gaislingis furth to feid,
Thair was but sevensum of them a,
And by thair cumis the gredy gled,
And likkit up fyve, left him but twa:
Than out he ran, in all his mane,
How fune he hard the gaislingis cry,
But than or he came in agane
The calvis brak louse and suckit the ky.

VIII.

The calvis and ky met in the lone,
The man ran with ane rung to red;
Than thair cumis ane illwilly cow,
And brodit his buttock quhill that it bled.
Than hame ran to a rok of tow,
And he satt down to say the spinning;
I trow he lowtit our neir the low—
Quoth he, this work has ill beginning.

IX.

Hynd to the kirn than did he floure,
And jumlit at it quhill he swat;
Quhen he had fumlit a full lang hour,
The sorrow a scrape of butter he gat;
Albeit na butter he could get,
Yit he was cummerit with the kirne.
And syne he het the milk our het,
And sorrow a spark of it wald yirne.

X.

Than ben thair cam ane greidy sow,
I trow he tund hir little thank,
For in scho shot her mekle mow,
And ay scho winkit and scho drank:

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He cleikit up an cruiked club,
And thocht to hit the fow a rout;
The twa gailings the gled had left
That straik dang baith thair harnis out.

For shortly heid the about
XI.

Than he bare kindling to the kill,
But scho stert up all in ane low;
Quhatevir he hard quhatevir he saw
That day he had na will to wow.
Than he gied to tak up the bairnis,
Thocht to haif fand thame fair and clene;
The first that he gat in his armis
Was a bedirtin to the ene.

Had I bene twenty dayis and mair
XII.

The first it smelt sae sappellie,
To touche the lave he did nocht greine;
The devill cut off thair hands, quoth he,
That fill'd ye a fa fow yestrene!
He trailit the fowll sheites down the gait,
Thocht to haif walchet thame on a stane;
The burne was risen grit of spait,
Away fra him the sheitis hes tane.

For an we techt I'll get
XIII.

Chap

XIII.

Then up he gat on ane know heid,
 On hir to cry, on hir to schout;
 Scho hard him, and scho hard him not,
 Bot stoutly steirid the stottis about.
 Scho draif al day unto the nicht;
 Scho loufit the pleuch, and syne came hame:
 Scho fand all wrang that fould bene richt;
 I trow the man thocht richt grit schame.

XIV.

Quoth he, my office I forsaik
 For all the days of my lyfe;
 For I wald put ane house to wrack,
 Had I bene twenty dayis gudwife.
 Quoth scho weil met ye bruke your place,
 For trewlje I will nevir accep it:
 Quoth he feind fall the lyaris face,
 Bot yit ye may be blyth to git it.

XV.

Then up scho gate ane mekle rung,
 And the gudman maid to the doir:
 Quoth he, Deme I fall hald my tung,
 For an we fecht I'll get the woir.

Quoth

Quoth he, quhen I forsuik my pleuch,
 I trow I but forsuik my self;
 And I will to my pleuch agane,
 For I and this hous will neir do weil.

GOD send every quene and wife,
 And every manne a man;
 That they may live that haly life
 As first the kirk began.

II.
 Saint Peter, quhen he can repleit,
 His life in marriage led;
 All gude prelates, quhen God did like,
 Their marryit wyves had.

III.
 Gude causes then I grant had they
 For wytes to repleit;
 But gude causes have they may
 Now wytes to wed againe.

IV.
 For than suld nocht be many here
 To up and downe this land;
 Nor sit so many beggars for
 In this and that land.

Quoth he, quhen I fornik my pleuch,

I trow I but fornik.

And I will to my pleuch againe,

For I and this howe will here do well.

GOD send every priest and wife,
And every nunne a man;
That they may live that haly life
As first the kirk began.

II.

Sanct Peter, quhom nane can reprove,
His life in marriage led:
All gude preists, quhom God did lufe,
Their maryit wyfes had.

III.

Greit causis then I grant had they
Fra wyfes to refraine;
But greiter causes have they may
Now wyfis to wed againe.

IV.

For than fuld nocht sa many hure
Be up and doune this land:
Nor yit sa many beggars pur
In kirk and mercat stand.

V.

And not sa meikill bastard seid
Throw out this cuntrie sawin;
Nor gude men uncouth fry fuld feed
An all the fault were knawin.

VI.

Sen Chryst's law, and common law,
And doctours will admit
That priests in that yock fuld draw,
Quha dar say contrair it?

II.

Then Aurora that is so bright
To wold beate the east light
Right pleasantly before the day,
Before the day, the day,
And shew and shadeth first of that light,
Through glads of this lustie May,
Through glads of this lustie May.

LUSTIE MAYE.

O Lustie Maye, with Flora queen,
 The balmy drops from Phebus sheen,
 Prelusant beams before the day,
 Before the day, the day,
 By thee, Diana, groweth green
 Through glaidness of this lustie Maye,
 Through glaidness of this lustie Maye,

II.

Then Aurora that is so bright
 To woful hearts she casts great light,
 Right pleasantly before the day,
 Before the day, the day,
 And shows and shades furth of that light,
 Through gladness of this lustie Maye,
 Through gladness of this lustie Maye.

III.

III.

Birds on their boughs, of every fort,
 Send furth their notes and make great mirth,
 On banks that bloom; on every brae,
 On every brae, on every brae
 And fares and flies oer field and firth,
 Through gladness of this lustie Maye,
 Through gladness of this lustie Maye.

IV.

All lovers hearts that are in care
 To their ladies they do repair,
 In fresh mornings before the day,
 Before the day, the day;
 And are in mirth ay mair and mair,
 Through gladness of this lustie Maye,
 Through gladness of this lustie Maye.

V.

Of every monith in the year,
 To mirthful Maye there is no peer,
 Her glistering garments are so gay,
 Garments so gay, so gay;
 You lovers all make merry cheer
 Through gladness of this lustie May,
 Through gladness of this lustie Maye.

• III

On banks that bloom ; on every tree,
Send forth their notes and make great mirth,
Birds on their boughs of every sort,

Tak your auld klok about ye.

TN winter when the rain rain'd cauld,

1 And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
And Boreas, wi his blasts sae bauld,
Was thretning a our ky to kill;
Then Bell my wife, wha does na strife,
Said unto me right haillie,
Get up goodman save Crumy's life,
And tak your auld clok about ye.

H E.

O Bell, why dost thou flyte and scorn?
Thou ken'st my clok is very thin,
It is so bare, and overworne,
A cricke he thereon cannot win.
Then I'll nae langer borow or lend,
For ance I'll new apparel'd be;
To morrow I'll to town and spend,
I'll have a new clok about me.

SHE

COMIC BALLADS.

My Crumy is an usefu cow,
And she is come of a good kine;
Aft has she wet the bairns mow;
And I am laith that she should tyne.
Get up, goodman, it is fou time,
The sun shines in the lift sa hie;
Sloth never made a gracious end,
Gae tak your auld klok about ye.

H E.

My klok was anes a good grey klok,
When it was fitting for my wear;
But now its scantly worth a groat,
For I have worn't this thritty year.
Lets spend the gear that we have won,
We little ken the day we'll die;
Then I'll be proud sen I have sworn
To have a new klok about me,

S H E.

In days when our king Robert rang,
His trews they cost but half-a-crown,
He said they were a groat our dear,
And ca'd the taylor thief and loun.

He

He was the king, that wore a croun,
 And thou'rt a man of laigh degree;
 Tis pride puts a the country down,
 Sac tak thy auld klok about thee.

H E.

Every land has its ain lough,
 Ilk kind o corn it has its hool;
 I think the world is a run wrang
 When ilka wife her man wad rule.
 Do ye not sie Rob, Jock, and Hab,
 As they are girded gallantly,
 While I sit hurklen in the ase?
 I'll ha a new klok about me.

S H E.

Goodman I wat 'tis thritty years
 Syne we did ane anither ken,
 And we have had atween us twa
 Of lads and bonny lasses ten:
 Now they are women groun and men,
 I wish and pray weill may they be;
 And why will thou thyself misken?
 Een tak your auld klok about ye.

H E.

H E

Bell my wife, she loes na strife,
 But she wald guide me if she can;
 And to maintain an easy life,
 I aft maun yield, tho I'm goodman.
 Noght's to be won at woman's hand
 Unless ye gie her a the plea;
 Then I'll leave off where I began,
 And tak my auld klok about me,

II.

Their's gowd in your garters, Marion,
 And silver on your white hand-bands;
 For fane wad I kiss my Marion
 At ene dushan I coud hane.
 Ther's braw lads in Bawbaw, Marion,
 Oude gap and glow wi' thine;
 At kirk dushan they see my Marion,
 For none of them lads like me.

XXII.

EWBUCHTS MARION.

I.

WILL ye gae to the eubuchts, Marion,
And wear in the sheip wi mee?

The sun shines sweit, my Marion,

But not half fae sweit as thee.

O Marion's a bonnie las,

And the blyth blinks in her ee;

And fain wad I marrie Marion,

Gin Marion wad marrie mee.

II.

Their's gowd in your garters, Marion,

And filler on your white haufe-bane;

Fou faine wad I kisse my Marion

At ene quhan I cum hame.

Thereis braw lads in Earnshaw, Marion,

Quha gap and glowr wi their ee,

At kirk quhan they see my Marion;

Bot nane of tham lues like mee,

III.

.III.

I've nine milk ews, my Marion,

A cow, and a brawny quay ;

Ife gie them a to my Marion

Upon her bridal day.

And yee's get a green fey apron,

And waistcote o London broun ;

And wow but ye will be vapering

Quhaneer ye gang to the town.

IV.

I'm young and stout, my Marion,

Nane dance like me on the greens ;

And gin ye forlak me, Marion,

Ife een gae draw up wi Jeane.

Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,

And kirtle o cramafie ;

And sune as my chin has na haire on

I fall cum west and see yee.

XXIII.

The yellow-hair'd LADDIE.

THE yellow-hair'd laddie sat down on yon brae,
 Cried, milk the ews, lassie, let nane o them gae:
 And ay she milked, and ay she sang,
 ' The yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my goodman.'
 And ay she milked, and ay she sang,
 ' The yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my goodman.'

The weather is cauld, and my clathing is thin,
 The ews are new clipt, and they winna bught in:
 They winna bught in tho I should die:—
 O yellow-hair'd laddie be kind unto me!
 They winna bught in tho I should die:—
 O yellow-hair'd laddie be kind unto me!

The goodwife cries butt the house, Jenny come ben,
 The cheese is to mak, and the butter's to kirn.
 Tho butter, and cheese, and a should four,
 I'll crack and kifs wi my love ae haf hour:
 It's ae haf hour, and we's een mak it three,
 For the yellow-hair'd laddie my husband shall be.

XXIV. BESSY

XXIV.

BESSY BELL and MARY GRAY.

I.

BESSY Bell and Mary Gray
 They are twa bonnie lassies;
 They big'd a bower on yon burn brae,
 And theek'd it our wi raffies.
 Bessy Bell I lo'd yestreen,
 And thocht I neer could alter;
 But Mary Gray's twa pauky tees
 They gar my fancy falter.

II.

Bessy's hair's like a lint tap,
 She smiles like a May morning;
 When Phebus starts fra Thetis lap
 The hills with rays adorning:
 White is her neck, fast is her hand,
 Her waste, and feet, fow genty.
 With ilka grace she can command;
 Her lips O wow! they're dainty.

III.

Mary's locks are like the crow,
 Her eye like diamond glances,
 She's ay fae clean, red-up, and braw,
 She kills whene'er she dances.
 Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
 She blooming, tight, and tall is;
 And guides her airs fa' gracefu' still;
 O Jove, she's like thy Pallas!

IV.

Bessy Bell and Mary Gray
 Ye unco fair oppress us:
 Our fancies jee between you twa,
 Ye are sic bonny lasses.
 Wae's me for baith I canna get,
 To ane by law we're stented;
 Then I'll draw cuts and take my fate,
 And be with ane contented.

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XXIV.

O W R T H E B O G I E.

I.

*I Will awa wi my love,
I will awa wi her,
Tho a my kin had sworn and said,
I'll owr the Bogie wi her.
If I can get but her consent,
I dinna care a strae ;
Tho ilka ane be discontent
Awa wi her I'll gae.
I will awa, &c.*

II.

*For now she's mistress of my heart,
And wordy of my hand,
And weil I wat, we shanna part
For filler or for land.
Let rakes delyte to swear and drink,
And beaus admire fine lace ;
But my chief pleasure is to blink
On Betty's bonny face.
I will awa, &c.*

III.

There a the beauties do combine
 Of colour, traits, and air;
 The fault that sparkles in her een
 Makes her a jewel rare.
 Her flowing wit gives shining life
 To a her other charms;
 How blest I'll be when she's my wife,
 And lockt up in my arms!
I will awa, &c.

IV.

There blythly would I rant and sing
 While o'er her sweets I range;
 I'll cry Your humble servant, king!
 Shame fa them that wad change
 A kifs of Betty, and a smile,
 Abeet ye wad lay down
 The right ye hae to Britain's isle,
 And offer me your crown.
I will awa, &c.

XXVL

To the tune of "I'll never leave thee."

I.

OH spare that dreadful thought,
If I should leave thee!

May I all pleasure leave,

Lafs, when I leave thee!

Leave thee, leave thee!

How can I leave thee?

May I all pleasure leave,

Lafs, when I leave thee!

II.

By all the joys of love

I'll never leave thee.

May I all pleasure leave,

Lafs, when I leave thee!

Leave thee, leave thee!

How can I leave thee?

May I all pleasure leave,

Lafs, when I leave thee!

XXVII.

I.
LET's be jovial, fill our glasses;
 Madnefs 'tis for us to think
 How the world is rul'd by asses,
 And the wise are rul'd by chink.

II.
 Never let vain cares oppress us;
 Riches are to all a snare.
 We're every one as rich as Croesus,
 While our bottle drowns our care.

III.
 Wine will make us red as roses,
 Let us all our woes forget;
 Let us, fuddling all our noses,
 Drink ourselves quite out of debt.

IV.
 When grim Death is looking for us,
 We are toping at our bowls;
 Bacchus joins us in the chorus,
 'Death begone! Here's none but fowls.

XXVIII. THE

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XXVIII.

THE SOGER LADDIE.

I.

MY foger laddie is over the sea,
And he will bring gold and money to me;
And when he comes home he'll make me a lady:
My blessing gang with my foger laddie.

II.

My favorite laddie is handsome and brave,
And can as a foger and lover behave;
True to his country; to love he is steady;
Few can compare wi my foger laddie.

III.

Shield him ye angels fra death in alarms,
Return him in triumph to my langing arms.
From every care ye ever will free me,
When baek to my wishes my foger ye gie me.

IV.

O'foun may his honours bloom fair on his brow,
As quickly they must if he get his due;
For in noble actions his courage is ready,
Which makes me delight in my foger laddie.

XXIX. THE

XXIX.

THE BANKS OF CLYDE.

I.

WHILE some praise the pastoral margin of Tweed,
 And others the beautiful banks of the Tay,
 Accept, O fair Clyde, of my dutiful lay;
 Thy rural meanders no stream can exceed.

II.

Full oft thy wild banks in my youth did I tread
 The trout and the par from thy wave to decoy;
 Maria then shar'd in my innocent joy:—
 But Maria is false and my pleasures are fled!

XXX. 'DEIL

XXX.

'DEIL TAK THE WARS.

DEIL tak the wars that hurried Willie frae me,
 Wha to loe me juist had sworn;
 They made him captain fure to undo me;
 Wae is me! He'll never return.
 A thousand louns abroad will fight him,
 He frae thousands ne'er will run.
 Day and night I did invite him
 To stay safe frae sword and gun.
 I us'd alluring graces,
 Wi mony kind embraces,
 Now fighting, then crying, tears letting fall:
 And had he my fast arms
 Preferr'd to war's alarms,
 By love grown mad, without the man of God,
 I fear in my fit I had granted all.

I wash'd and patch'd to mak me look provoking,
Snares that they tald me would catch the men ;
And on my head a huge commode fat cocking
Which made me shew as tall again.
For a new gown too I paid muckle money,
Which with gowden flowers did shine :
Well might my love think me gay and bonny,
Nae Scots lafs was eer fae fine.
My petticoat I spotted,
Fringe too with thread I knotted ;
With lac'd shoes, and silk hose garter'd over knee,
But O the fatal thought !
To Willie they were nought ;
Who rid to touns, and rifled with dragoons,
When he, filly loon, might have rifled me.

XXXI.

I.

THERE dwalled a man in Aberdeen,
 And nowthir young nor auld was he,
 He never wanted wit at will,
 But wi't was ugly as can be.

II.

Mony a lafs that had the tocher,
 Wham the carl fought to join
 Wi him to draw the pleuch of wedlock,
 Did the hatefu task decline.

III.

Tired at last wi sharp denyals,
 Straight he pass'd to fillie Meg;
 She had nowthir wit nor filler.
 Here, thocht he, I fall nae beg.

IV.

Save the gowd o her fair tresses,
 Bit o gowd neer had the quene;
 Nor ither jewels in possession,
 Than the jewels o her een.

Bot

V.

Bot alike to her was missing
 All the gowd that crouns the mynde;
 Sense, that jewel o the bosom,
 She could nowthir buy nor fynde.

VI.

He came, he saw, he overcame;
 The fillie mayden blush'd consent.
 Hamewart as he bent his travel,
 Thus he thocht on his intent.

VII.

“ Tho this lassie want a noddle,
 “ I hae wit to make amends;
 “ Tho I’m ugly, yet her bewtie
 “ In our bairns will serve like ends.

VIII.

“ Our childer, I can never dout it,
 “ Will comely as their mither be;
 “ And in wit and prudence surelie
 “ Thay will coppie after me.

IX.

“ Sae our race will bear perfection
 “ Baith in bodie and in faul;
 “ Surelie a mair happie marriage
 “ To man’s lot docht never fall.”

Sae

XXX.

Sae the wicht fou fondlie dremit—
Alack the issue was far ither !
The bairns war ugly as thair daddie,
And thay were foolish as thair mither.

II.

Of race divine thou dost think
Since nothing earthly equals thee;
For heaven's sake O favour me,
Wha only liv'd to thee.

III.

Sae lang's I had the use of sight
I'd on thy beauties less my sight
Sane in thy whispers thro' the night
I'd tell how much I lov'd thee.

IV.

Tho I was number'd with the dead
My soul should hover round thy head;
I may be turn'd a silent shade,
But never cease to love thee.

XXXII.

XXXII.

I.

AN thou wert mine ain thing,
 I wad lue thee, I wad lue thee.
 An thou wert mine ane thing,
 How dearly wad I lue thee!

II.

Of race divine thou neds must be
 Since naithing earthly equals thee;
 For heaven's sake O favour me,
 Wha only live to lue thee.
An thou wert, &c.

III.

Sae lang's I had the use of light
 I'd on thy beauties feast my sight,
 Syne in fast whispers thro the night
 I'd tell how much I lue thee.
An thou wert, &c.

IV.

Tho I war number'd wi the dead
 My faul should hover round thy head;
 I may be turned a silent shade,
 But never cease to lue thee.

An thou wert, &c.

XXXIII.

III.

XXXIII.

To the tune of "Alloa House."

OH how could I venture to love one like thee,
 And you not despise a poor conquest like me?
 On lords, thy admirers, could look with disdain,
 And knew I was naething yet pitied my pain?
 You said, while they teas'd you with nonsense and dress,
 When real the passion the vanity's less.
 You saw thro' that silence which others despise,
 And while beaux were a-talking read love in my eyes.

II.

O how I shall fault thee and kiss a thy charms,
 Till fainting with pleasure I die in your arms,
 Thro' all the wild transports of extacy tost,
 Till sinking together together we're lost!
 O where is the maid that like thee ne'er can cloy,
 Whose wit does enliven each dull pause of joy,
 And when the short raptures are all at an end,
 From beautiful mistress turns sensible friend?

K

III.

III.

In vain do I praise thee, or strive to reveal,
 (Too nice for expression) what only we feel :
 In a that ye do, in each look and each mien,
 The graces in waiting adorn you unseen.
 When I see you I love you, when hearing adore ;
 I wonder and think you a woman no more :
 Till mad wi admiring I canna contain,
 And kissing your lips you turn woman again.

IV.

With thee in my bosom how can I despair ?
 I'll gaze on thy beauties and look awa care ;
 I'll ask thy advice when with troubles oppress'd,
 Which never displeases but always is best.
 In all that I write I'll thy judgment require,
 Thy wit shall correct what thy charms did inspire.
 I'll kiss thee and press thee till youth is all o'er ;
 And then live in friendship when passion's no more.

XXXIV.

BOTHWELL BANK.

I.

ON the blyth beltane, as I went
 Be mysel attour the green bet,
 Wharby the crystal waves of Clyde
 Throch faughs and hanging hazels glyde,
 There sadly sitting on a brae
 I heard a damsel speak her wae.

II.

‘ O Bothwell bank thou blumest fair,
 ‘ But ah thou makst my heart fou fair !
 ‘ For a beneath thy holts fae grene
 ‘ My luv and I wad fit at ene ;
 ‘ While primroses and daisies mixt,
 ‘ Wi bluebells in my loks he fixt,

III.

' But he left me æ drearie day
 ' And haplie now sleips in the clay ;
 ' Without æ sich his dethe to roun,
 ' Without æ flouir his grave to croun !
 ' O Bothwell bank thour blumest fair,
 ' But ah thou makst my heart fou fair !'

III

XXXV.

I.

MY dear and only love, I pray
That little world of thee
Be govern'd by no other sway
But purest monarchy.
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor;
I'll call a synod in my heart,
And never love thee more.

II.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone;
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small;
Who dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all.

K 3

III.

III.

And in the empire of thy heart,
Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a part,
Or dare to share with me;
Or committees if thou erect,
Or go on such a score,
I'll smiling mock at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

IV.

But if no faithless action stain
Thy love and constant word,
I'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my sword,
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
As ne'er were known before;
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
And love thee more and more.

VI

XXXVI.

COMRADES push about the glass,
And mak the chearfu ingle glow ;
Time, a rogue that neer knew grace,
Will urge alike his steady pace,
Whether we are blest or no.

II.

Fill thritty bouts for ane o his,
Toom ninety glassses for his three ;
For a their saws and prattles, this
The best and beaten road to blifs
Wiser men have fand than we.

III.

If you can be blest the day,
Neer defer it till the morn :
Peril still attends delay,
As all fools will find, whan they
Have their happie hour forborne.

K 4

IV.

IV.

Comrades fill your glass wi me;
 Let us drink, and laugh, and sing;
 Whan ye merry are and ree,
 Fear not to drink out your glee;
 New delights the morn will bring.

Fill trinity pence for ane o his,
 Toom ninety glasses for his three;
 For a their taws and prattles, this
 The best and bestie road to bliss
 Whist men have fand that we.

If you can be blest the day,
 Neer defer it till the morn;
 Peril still attends delay,
 As all fools will find, when they
 Have their happye hour forborne.

XXXVII. ETTRICK

XXXVII.

ETTRICK BANKS.

I.

ON Ettrick banks in a summers night,
 At glowming when the sheep drave hame,
 I met my lassie braw and tight,
 Come wading barefoot a her lane:
 My heart grew light, I ran, I flang
 My arms about her lily neck,
 And kifs'd and clap'd her there fou lang;
 My words they were na mony, feck,

II.

I said, My lassie will ye go
 To the highland hills, the Erse to learn;
 I'll gie ye baith a ew and cow,
 When ye come to the brig of Earn.
 At Leith auld meal comes in, neer fash,
 And herrings at the Broomy Law;
 Chear up your heart my bonny lass,
 There's gear to win we never saw,

III.

III.

When we all day have wrought eneuch,
 When winter-frosts and snaw begin,
 Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
 At night when ye sit down to spin,
 I'll screw my pipes and play a spring;
 And there the weary night we'll en,
 Till tender kid-and-lamb time bring
 Our pleasant simmer back again.

IV.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
 And gowans gleim oer ilka field,
 I'll meet my lass among the broom,
 And lead you to my simmer bield:
 Then, far frae a their scornfu din,
 Wha mak the kindly hearts their sport,
 We'll laugh, and kifs, and dance, and sing,
 And gar the langest day seem short.

XXXVIII.

L O C H A B E R.

FAREWELL to Lochaber, farewell to my Jean,
Where heartsome with her I have many day been:

To Lochaber no more, to Lochaber no more,

We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.

These tears that I shed they are a for my dear,

And not for the dangers attending on weir;

Tho bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,

May be to return to Lochaber no more!

II.

Tho hurricanes rise, tho rises each wind,

No tempest can equal the storm in my mind;

Tho loudest of thunders on louder waves roar,

There's naething like leaving my love on the shore.

To leave thee behind me my heart is fair pain'd,

But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd:

And beauty and love's the reward of the brave;

And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

III.

III.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse,
 Since honour commands me how can I refuse?
 Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee;
 And losing thy favour I'd better not be.
 I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,
 And, if I should chance to come glorious hame,
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more,

XXXIX.

I.

FOR the sake of gold she has left me,
And of all that's dear has bereft me,
She me forsook for a great duke,
And to endless woe she has left me.
A star and garter have more art
Than youth, a true and faithful heart;
For empty titles we must part;
For glittering show she has left me.

II.

No cruel fair shall ever move
My injured heart again to love;
Thro distant climates I must rove
Since Jeany she has left me.
Ye Powers above I to your care
Resign my faithless lovely fair,
Your choicest blessings be her share,
Tho she has ever left me!

XL. BLACKFORD

XL.

BLACKFORD HILL.

I.

THE man wha lues fair nature's charms,
Let him gae to Blackford hill;
And wander there amang the craigs,
Or down aside the rill;
That murmuring thro the peblis plays,
And banks whar daisies spring;
While, fra ilk bush and tree, the birds
In sweetest concert sing.

II.

The lintie the sharp treble founds;
The laverock tenor plays;
The blackbird and the mavis join
To form a solemn base:
Sweet Echo the loud air repeats,
Till a the valley rings;
While odorous scents the westlin wind
Frae thousand wild flowers brings.

III.

The Hermitage aside the burn
In shady covert lyes,
Frae Pride and Folly's noisy rounds
Fit refuge for the wise;
Wha there may study as they list,
And pleasures taste at will,
Yet never leave the varied bounds
Of bonny Blackford hill.

XLI.

T W E E D S I D E.

I.

WHAN Maggy and I war acquaint
I carried my noddle fu hie;

Nae lintwhite on a the gay plain,
Nae gowdspink fae bonny as she.
I whistled, I pip'd, and I fang;
I woo'd but I cam nae great speed:
Therefore I maun wander abroad,
And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

II.

To Maggy my luv I did tell;
My tears did my passion express:
Alas! for I loo'd her owr weil,
And the women loo sic a man lefs.
Her heart it was frozen and cauld,
Her pride had my ruin decreed;
Therefore I maun wander abroad,
And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

XLII. BIRKS

XLII.

BIRKS OF ABERGELDIE.

I.

BONNIE lassie will ye go,
 Will ye go, will ye go,
 Bonnie lassie will ye go
 To the birks of Abergeldie?
 Ye fall get a gown of filk,
 A gown of filk, a gown of filk,
 Ye fall get a gown of filk,
 And coat of callimankie.

II.

Na, kind fir, I dar nae gang,
 I dare nae gang, I dar nae gang,
 Na, kind fir, I dar nae gang;
 My minny will be angry.
 Sair, fair, wad she flyte,
 Wad she flyte, wad she flyte;
 Sair, fair, wad she flyte;
 And fair wad she ban me.

L

XLIII. BRAX-

XLIII.

XLIII.

BRAXFIELD BRAES.

ON Braxfield braes, among the broom,
 How happie ha'e I been!
 When June gard a the meadows blume,
 And clad the woods in green.

II.

Owr Gallituddum to the burn
 How mirrie did I rove!
 My steps by pleasant Clyde to turn,
 Or sit in Willie's cove.

III.

To catch the menon or the eel
 Wi artless hook I tried;
 Then owr the heuchs and craigs to speel
 Wi eager haste I hied.

IV.

Syne ran the linties nest to see,
 Or plaie at penny flane.
 Ah days of youth how sweet are ye!
 But ye ne'er cum again!

XLIV. LOW

XLIV.

LOW DOWN IN THE BROOM.

I.

MY daddy is a canker'd carle,
He'll na twin wi his gear;

My minny is a scalding wife
Hads a the house a steer.

But let them say, or let them do,

It's a ane to me,

For he's low down in the broom

Waiting for me;

Waiting for me, my love,

Waiting for me,

For he's low down in the broom

Waiting for me.

II.

My aunty Kate sits at her wheel,

And fair she lightlies me;

But weil I ken it's a for spite,

For neer a jo has she.

But let them say, &c.

L 2

III.

III.

My coufin Madge was fair beguil'd

Wi Johny o the glen;

And ay finfyne she cries, Beware

Of false deluding men.

But let them say, &c.

IV.

Gleed Sandy he came west ae night

And spier'd when I saw Pate;

And ay finfyne the neighbours round

They jeer me air and late.

But let them say, &c.

XLV.

I.

COME Annie, let us kifs our fill,
And never dream of future ill:
Youthheid is Love's haliday,
Let us use it whan we may.

II.

See the fields are fill'd wi snaw,
The winter-blasts fou bitter blaw;
In icy chains the streams are tyed;
Tint is a the simmer's pride.

III.

We, my lovely lass, ovr fune,
Whan our laughing simmer's done,
Maun the blasts o Age sustain;
And yield us to Death's icy chain.

IV.

Let us bruik the present hour,
Let us pou the fleeting flouir;
Youthheid is Love's haliday,
Let us use it whan we may.

XLVI.

I.

IT fell about the Martinmas time,
 And a gay time it was than,
 That our gudewife had puddings to mak,
 And she boil'd them in the pan.

II.

The wind blew cauld frae east and north,
 And blew into the floor;
 Quoth our gudeman to our gudewife,
 'Get up and bar the door.'

III.

"My hand is in my huffyskep,
 "Goodman, as ye may see;
 "An it should na be barr'd this hunder year,
 "Its neer be barr'd by me."

IV.

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
 They made it firm and sure,
 That the first word whaever spak,
 Should rise and bar the door.

V.

V.

Than by there come twa gentlemen
At twelve o'clock at night,
Whan they can fee na ither house;
And at the door they light.

VI.

"Now whether is this a rich man's house,
"Or whether is it a poor?"
But neer a word wad ane o them speak
For barring of the door.

VII.

And first they ate the white puddings,
And syne they ate the black:
Muckle thought the gudewife to herfell,
Yet neer a word she spak.

VIII.

Then ane unto the ither said,
"Here, man, tak ye my knife,
"Do ye tak aff the auld man's beard;
"And I'll kiss the gudewife.

IX.

"But there's na water in the house,
"And what shall we do than?
"What ails ye at the pudding-bree
"That boils into the pan?"

X.

O up then started our gudeman,

An angry man was he ;

“ Will ye kifs my wife before my een,

“ And scald me wi pudding bree ?”

XI.

O up then started our gudewife,

Gied three skips on the floor ;

“ Gudeman you have spak the first word,

“ Get up and bar the door.”

XLVII.

I.

O Saw ye my father, or saw ye my mither,
Or saw ye my true love John?

I saw nae your father, I saw nae your mither,
But I saw your true love John.

II.

It's now ten at night, and the stars gie na light,
And the bells they ring ding dang,
He's met wi some delay that causes him to stay,
But he will be here ere lang.

III.

The furly auld carl did naithing but snarl,
And Johnny's face it grew red,
Yet tho he often sigh'd he ne'er a word replied,
Till a were asleep in bed.

IV.

Then up Johnny rose, and to the door he goes,
And gently tirl'd the pin,
The lassie taking tent unto the door she went,
And she open'd and lat him in.

V.

And are come at last, and do I hold ye fast,
 And is my Johnny true?
 I have nae time to tell, but sae lang's I like mysel,
 Sae lang fall I like you.

VI.

Flee up, flee up, my bonny gray cock,
 And craw whan it is day;
 And your neck shall be like the bonny beaten gold,
 And your wings of the silver-gray.

VII.

The cock prov'd false, and untrue he was,
 For he crew an hour ower soon:
 The lassie thought it day when she sent her love away,
 And it was but a blink of the moon.

XLVIII.

I.

TO arms! To arms! To arms, my lads!
 To arms! To arms! To arms!
 Care, that canker'd loon,
 Is lurking in the town
 To charge us wi ferse alarms.

II.

To arms! To arms! To arms, my lads!
 To quell his hatefou power,
 By way of a shield,
 This bowl we will wield,
 The liquor will soon gar him skour.

III.

Charge, Charge, Charge, Charge, Charge him
 home, my lads!
 Charge him home, Charge him home, see he flees!
 A gla's in your hand,
 Care never will stand,
 You may kill him whenever you please.

XLIX.

K EEP the country, bonnie lassie,
 Keep the country, keep the country;
 Keep the country, bonnie lassie,
 Lads will a gie gowd for ye;
 Gowd for ye, bonnie lassie,
 Gowd for ye, gowd for ye;
 Keep the country, bonnie lassie,
 Lads will a gie gowd for ye,

L.

I.

IN fimmer I maw'd my meadow,
In harvest I shure my corn;
In winter I married a widow,
I wish I was free the morn.

II.

Blink over the burn sweet Beety,
Blink over the burn to me:
O my luvly lass it's a pity
But I was a widow for thee!

LI.

LI.

I.

THERE gaed a fair maiden out to walk
 In a sweet morning of Júlý;
 She was gay, bonnie, coy, and young,
 But met wi a lad unruly.

II.

He took her by the lilly-white hand,
 And swore he loo'd her truly;
 The man forgot but the maid thought on;
 O it was in the month of Júlý!

LII.

MY wife's a wanton wee thing,
My wife's a wanton wee thing,
My wife's a wanton wee thing,
She'll never be guided by me.
She play'd the loon e'er she was married,
She play'd the loon e'er she was married,
She play'd the loon e'er she was married,
She'll do't again e'er she die.

NOTES

III.

MY wife's a wanton wee thing,
 My wife's a wanton wee thing,
 My wife's a wanton wee thing,
 She'll never be guided by me.
 She play'd the loon e'er she was married,
 She play'd the loon e'er she was married,
 She play'd the loon e'er she was married,
 She'll do't again e'er she die.

N O T E S.

P E B L I S T O T H E P L A Y.

FOR this very curious specimen of ancient Scottish poetry, the reader has already been informed that the editor was indebted to Dr. Percy; who to the copy in his hand-writing, from which this is printed, annexed the following account of the original MS.

‘ This old song is preserved in the Pepysian Library,
 ‘ at Magdalen College in Cambridge, in p. 155, of
 ‘ an ancient MS. collection of old Scottish songs and
 ‘ poems in folio; which MS. had, I believe, been a
 ‘ present to the founder of that library, (old Mr. Pepys)
 ‘ from the duke of Lauderdale, minister to king
 ‘ Charles II. It had originally belonged to that duke’s
M
‘ ancestor,

‘ ancestor, Sir Richard Maitland, knt. who lived in
 ‘ the reign of queen Mary, and her son king James
 ‘ VI; and contains a great number of songs and poems
 ‘ by the said Sir Richard Maitland, which are of high
 ‘ poetical merit, and throw moreover great light on the
 ‘ incidents and manners of that age. It is remarkable
 ‘ that this old bard, Sir Richard Maitland, was blind
 ‘ (like Homer and Milton), at least at the time when
 ‘ some of his poems were written; as he expressly
 ‘ mentions it, and consoles himself very poetically under
 ‘ the loss of his sight, and very advanced age, in
 ‘ one of his pieces intituled, *The blind Baron’s Comfort*.
 ‘ Besides his own pieces, the MS. contains a selection
 ‘ of the pieces of other bards collected by him: some
 ‘ of them (as this of James I.) no where else pre-
 ‘ served.

‘ The foregoing poem is expressly quoted for king
 ‘ James I’s composition, and positively ascribed to
 ‘ that monarch, in John Major’s Scottish History, 4to.
 ‘ See his account of king James I. towards the
 ‘ end, where Major seems to hint that a parody
 ‘ had been made of this song of the king’s, to ridi-
 ‘ cule him for some low intrigue in which the king
 ‘ had been detected, &c. I have not the book by me,
 ‘ but with this clue the meaning of that very obscure
 ‘ passage, I think, may be decyphered.

‘ This

‘ This song written by king James I. is a proof that
‘ *Cbrist’s Kirk on the Green*, was written by his de-
‘ scendant James V. being evidently a more modern
‘ composition.’

The passage of Major, mentioned above, is as fol-
lows. ‘ *Artificioſum libellum de Regina dum captivus*
‘ *erat compoſuit, antequam eam in conjugem duceret :*
‘ *et aliam artificioſam cantilenam ejusdem, Yaſſen, &c.*
‘ *et jucundum artificioſumque illum cantum, At Bel-*
‘ *tayn, &c. quam alij de Dalkeith et Gargeil mutare*
‘ *ſtuduerunt, quia in arce aut camera clauſus ſerva-*
‘ *batur, in qua mulier cum matre habitabat.”*

Dr. P. after writing his own remarks, having
communicated this poem to ſeveral of his learned
friends, they interſperſed theirs ; and I ſhall here give
their obſervations, and a few of my own, upon this
ſingular production, after a few preliminary notices
that may be neceſſary to the Engliſh reader.

James I, king of Scotland, and the undoubted au-
thor of the production now under view, was born in
the year 1393, being the ſon of Robert III. His fa-
ther to ſcreen him from the ambitious deſigns of his
uncle, the duke of Albany, ſent him to France, but
he was unfortunately taken at ſea ; and ungenerouſly
detained in captivity by the kings of England, though
during a truce between the two realms, for nineteen

years: nor was he released without payment of an immense ransom. Upon his assuming the government on the death of his father, in 1424, he enacted many wise laws, and acquired the esteem and affection of his people; but attempting to reform the feudal system of his kingdom, and in consequence to curb the power of his nobles, he was by some of the chief of them murdered in his bed in 1437, being the 44th year of his age, and 13th of his reign.

Ballenden, in his translation of Hector Boece's History, gives this character of him: 'He was weil learnit
' to fecht with the sword, to just, to turnay, to wer-
' fyl, to fyng and dance; was an expert mediciner, richt
' crafty in playing baith of lute and harp, and findry
' othir instrumentis of musik. He was expert in
' gramar, oratry, and poetry; and maid so flowand
' and sententious versis apperit weil he was ane natural
' and borne poete."

Mr. Walpole, in his Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors, gives us this list of the works of James I.

A panegyric on his queen.

Scotch Sonnets; one book. One of them, a lamentation while in England, is in MS. in the Bodleian Library, and praises Gower and Chaucer exceedingly.

Rythmos Latinos, lib. I.

On Music.

He

He is said to have written some poetical pieces when in England, which is very likely; but it appears to me, that *Peblis to the Play* could not be one of these. He being not more than twelve years of age when he left Scotland, it is not to be supposed that he was so familiar with the manners of his countrymen, as to paint them so minutely as is done in this poem.

PEBLIS TO THE PLAY.] Peblis or Peebles is the county-town of Twedale. Ettrick forest is not far distant from it. That forest was a royal chace: hence the kings of Scotland frequently resided there. Darnley was there in the winter before his death. H.

Play appears to me here to mean an *annual festival*: some of which are still celebrated in different villages in England. The day is still observed, though the occasion is lost in remote antiquity. ED.

Stanza 1. *Beltane*.] A great Celtic festival on the first or second of May. See more of it in Macpherson's Dissertations. H.

Ib. found.] Perhaps from the A. S. *fundian tendere*. (to go) *fundiendo aliquo tendens*. Vide Lye, Lexicon Anglo-Saxon. P.

The construction of this passage, which is miserably confused, owing solely as would appear to the lust of alliteration, seems to me this; *They found the solace* (of the singing and music) *sooth to say, by firth and by forest furth*, (or around.) ER.

St. 2. *Garray.*] Perhaps the same as *deray*: vulgar words for jollity. P.

Garish is used in England for shewy, vain pomp. H.

Garray perhaps is *prattle*, from Anglo-Saxon *Lýppan*, *Garrere*. P.

Ib. *Glew.*] In English *Glee*, Mirth. Anglo-Saxon *Eleo* and *Clip*. P.

Ib. *Blew.*] That is *blue*, quite gloomy, out of humour. P.

To *look blue* is still a phrase implying to *seem melancholy*. Ed.

St. 3. *Gend.*] *Gent* is an epithet often applied to ladies by Spenser. It probably means *delicate*, or perhaps *slender*; or it may be an abbreviation of *gentle*. J. B.

The annotator has not observed that none of his interpretations has any connexion with the context. The girl was so *guckit* (foolish) and so *gend*, that she would not eat. *Gend* must imply *peevish*. Ed.

St. 4. *Amang yon marchands my duds do?*] Dr. P. reads, *Amang yon marchands, (my duds do)* and interprets the latter clause, *My clothes or duds being done*. I think the line only required the point of interrogation which I have lent it, to be perfectly intelligible: What! says the country girl, *My ragged cloths do amang you*

yon fine folk? An expression quite natural, and in character. The whole stanza strongly paints the affectation of a rustic beauty and coquette. *Alas!* says she, *am I not clearly ruined? I dare not go to the show I am so sunburnt!* (though at the same time she was too sensible of the lustre of her complexion;) *Will my ragged clothes do among yon folks drest as fine as foreign merchants?* (though at this time she was drest out in all her finery!) *Marry I shall only try to stand afar off and look at them, as if I was at home in my homely habit;* (though at the same time she meant not to go as a gazer, but as knowing herself an object that would draw universal admiration.)

ED.

St. 5. Hop, *Hop*; *Calyé*, and *Cardronow*.] *Cailyé* is the name of a place in the neighbourhood of Peebles, so also is *Cardrona*.

H.

Hop or *Hope* is the same. If I remember right I have seen in print a metrical charter of a Scottish king, either of *Hop* by itself, or with other lands, *for service of a braid arrow, whenever he came to hunt in Yarrow*.

ED.

Ib. *Robumbelow*.] is the burden of an old Scottish tune.

It was the burden or chorus of a triumphal song made by the Scots on occasion of the victory gained at Bannock-burn.

P.

One stanza of this song is preserved by Abercromby ;
and is, if my memory serves me,

What weened the king of England
So soon to win all Scotland ?

With a bey and a bow robumbelow.

Ed.

St. 6. *birkin hat.*] A hat made of birch interwoven
like straw hats, worn by rusticks. P.

Ib. *There fore ane man to the bolt.*] This seems to be a
piece of an old song. P.

St. 7. *How at thai wald dispone thame.*] *How at*, that
is, *How that* ; a common Northern defect. So in the
Northumberland Household Book, *passim*. *As ye wald es-*
chew that at may ensue, for 'that which may follow.'

P.

St. 8. *Malkin.*] The Scots cant word for a hare, and
something of Esau's beauty.

ANONYM.

St. 10. *Oly-prance.*] is a word still used by the vulgar
in Northamptonshire, for rude rustic jollity. *Oly*
prancing doings are strange, disorderly, inordinate sport-
ings formerly used in Pilgrimages. P.

Ib. *Adone with ane mischance!*] Have done with a
plague or mischief to you ! P.

Ib. *(He bydis tyt.)*] Probably, *He spreads the table quickly*
expeditionally. P.

I do not approve of this explanation of the very in-
genious annotator, as the speaker, in the next line,
save

save one, desires the landlady to see that the *napré*, or table cloth be white, which implies he had not got it to spread. I have no doubt but we should read *he bydlis tyt* without a parenthesis. *He bids dress out the table quickly.* Ed.

St. 11. *At ye aucht.*] That is, *that ye owe.* P.

St. 12. *broggit stauf.*] is a stump of a small tree, stript of the bark, and stuck into the ground, with the ends of the branches left projecting out a little way; in order to hang cups, &c. on for ready use. P.

It is, I think, a staff with a spike in it, of the nature of a goad, but shorter. H.

St. 15.] Two lines of this stanza appear to be lost, which seems to throw a little embarrassment over this part of the narration. Ed.

St. 18. *I wait weil qubat it was.*] The word *nocht* has been omitted by the transcriber. H.

I am rather led to think the usual phrase of this ballad, *quod he*, is here omitted, *I wait weil qubat it was, quod he.* The sense of this confused stanza appears to be 'you have bedaubed me; fy for shame!' says the wife, *she how you have dress me. How fell you, Sir?* (Sir is often used in Scotland for Sirrah. If you say Sir to a peasant, he will sometimes retort Sir rogue? or Sir gentleman?) He answers, *As my girden brak*—She interrupts him with *What meikle devil may lest ye*, for I think it ought to be *ye*, not *me*. *Lest* seems to be equivalent with *leze*

to hurt, as *leze majesty*, high treason. *What the devil hurt you?* He answers, *I know well it was my own gray mare that threw me.* As (Or seems an error of the old transcriber, indeed in old writ the words will be quite similar,) *if I was faint, and lay down to rest me.* If this is not the sense, I leave the passage to future commentators; for when *Christ's Kirk on the Green* boasts of such learned and respectable interpreters as Bishop Gibson, and Mr. Calendar, it is not to be supposed that a poem of such superior antiquity and curiosity as this is, will want illustration. ED.

St. 19. *nokks.*] The nich in the ends of the bows in which the bowstring is inserted. P.

St. 20. *Schamon's dance.*] That is the Showman's dance. P.

I take this to be an Irish word. H.

Schamon I interpret, with Dr. P. *Show-man*; but think *Show-man* here means *player*, or *actor*: *such a dance as was danced on the stage.*

In a fragment of a ballad, published in a collection, Edinburgh, 1776, 2 vols. 8vo. in the description of a fairy is this line,

His legs were scant a *shathmonts* length.

The words seem the same; perhaps *shathmont*, or *schamon*, is, after all, the old Scottish word for a cricket,

or

or some other nimble insect; *Schamons dance* will in that case denote a quick reel. ED.

St. 21. *Than all the wenschie Te he thai playit.*] This bears a great resemblance to this line of a spirited modern poem,

And all the maids of honour cry Te He.

Heroic Epistle to Sir W. Chambers, 14th edit.

ED.

St. *Tisbe*. 22.] *Ifabel*: pronounced *Tibby*. H.

Ib. *Seckell*.] Perhaps *sickle*; but I doubt if any hay was ever made in Scotland in the beginning of May.

ED.

Perhaps from *Sacellum* a chapel. ANONYM.

I suppose we should read *heckel*; see Glossary.

ED.

Ib. *As ber taill brynt*.] This may innocently mean, She ran as if the tail of her gown was in flames.

ED.

St. 25. *He fippillit lyke an faderles fole*.] He chirped like a featherless fowl; like a young unfledged callow bird.

P.

He cried like a child that has lost its father. ANON.

Ib. *sayis the sang*.] This proves that love songs were current, and committed to memory in Scotland before the year 1430, about which time this poem must have been written; and, if we may judge from this line, of

no

no mean merit, it being as smooth as could be expected at this day. ED.

St. 26. *Settand schafis.*] I suspect the word *schafis* has been brought from the end of the third line to this. The sun *settand schafis*, if it means *throwing darts*, and no other interpretation can be thought of, may indeed be that kind of bastard sense that is not uncommon in old versifiers of the middling class, but I believe James I. would not have written it. *The sun was sett, and—Or, The sun was setting*, (a word wanting,) would appear the proper way of reading this line. ED.

Settand is the old termination of the participle of the present tense, now altered to *setting*. P.

Ib. *Had thair bein mair, &c.*] This dry joke of the king's calls to remembrance a similar stroke in the *Morgante Maggiore* of Pulci, where a hermit, in the middle of an interesting story, breaks off by telling the knight, his guest and auditor, that his candle is done, that he has no more, and must of consequence go to bed. ED.

II. CHRIST'S KIRK ON THE GREEN.

THIS edition is given from the last, intitled, *Two ancient Scottish poems; The Gaberlunzie Man, and Christ's Kirk on the Green; with Notes and Observations by John Calendar, Esq. of Craigforth, Edinburgh, 1782, 8vo.* Bishop Gibson's edition of this ballad, printed at Oxford 1691, from Bannatyne's MS. is the earliest edition. I am sorry, however, to see Mr. Calendar quoting Ramsay's edition for some parts of his text, as there certainly never was a more ignorant or rash transcriber of ancient Scottish poetry than Allan Ramsay. He seems to have considered it as very much his property; and to have exercised his own profession upon it by shaving, curling, and powdering it at his will and pleasure. Mr. Calendar might have given us a transcript of this piece from Bannatyne's MS. in the Advocate's library at Edinburgh; in which Dr. Percy has observed in a MS. note, *Christ's Kirk on the Green* is very different from what it was when filled with the innovations of Allan Ramsay. This most ingenious and faithful of all editors of ancient English poetry has likewise the following notice prefixed to his MS. copy of *Peblis to the Play.*

Play. ' In Maitland's MS. the old song of *Christis Kirk*
 ' differs from all the copies I have seen in the con-
 ' clusion of all the stanzas ; each of which ends with
 ' this line, by way of burden or chorus,

' At Christis Kirk on the greene.

' always preceded by some short line, as in this first
 ' stanza ;

' Was never in Scotland hard nor sene

' Sic danfing nor deray,

' Nother in Falkland on the grene,

' Nor Peblis to the Play,

' As was of Wowairis, as I wene,

' At Chrystis kirk on ane day,

' Thair come our Kittie, wesching clene,

' In hir new kirtil of gray,

' full gay

' At Chrystis kirk on the grene.

' which I cannot help thinking is more genuine than
 ' that in the Evergreen, and the other editions, as it so
 ' exactly resembles the conclusions of the stanzas in
 ' *Peblis to the Play.*' In consequence of these well
 founded remarks, I have preserved the burthen in
 this edition throughout.

As the foregoing piece was undoubtedly written by
 James I. of Scotland, so we have good authority,
 though not so infallible, to ascribe this to James V. a
 prince

prince who delighted in low manners and adventures so much, as often to disguise himself in order to enjoy them. He reigned from 1514 to 1542. A most curious account of his death may be found in *Knox's History of the Reformation of Religion in Scotland*. He was the *Zerbino* of Ariosto; and is celebrated by Ronsard in as good verses as ever came from his pen.

The notes of Mr. Calendar are fraught with that knowledge of Northern literature for which he is so justly celebrated; and, though my opinion can add nothing to the general suffrage, I cannot help saying that, for universal science of Northern Antiquities and languages, Mr. Calendar may justly be regarded as the most learned man in Europe. I am sorry to see he takes no notice of a work he published a specimen of some time ago in his present publication; which leads me to fear he has dropt that grand design. This was his *Bibliotheca Septentrionalis* in the manner of D'Herbelot's *Bibliothèque Orientale*, containing a complete system of Northern science of every kind to be comprized in two folio volumes. An amazing work! and which ought to be made a national concern. In his present volume he promises a Glossary of the ancient Scottish language; but would he return to the large design above praised, the same would be infinitely greater, without much greater labour. Words are for
pedants,

pedants, but facts are for all. There is, perhaps, no branch of learning more painful, and less glorious, than etymology. To Mr. Calendar the glossary to this volume is much obliged. They who would see what vast intelligence may be bestowed in elucidating *Christs Kirk on the green*, and the following piece called *The Gabe r lunyie man*, are referred to his work.

I must remind the reader of a curious circumstance, which is, that Sappho, the celebrated poetess, wrote a ballad (if I may so call it) on a *Country Wedding*, which is mentioned by Demetrius Phalereus; and which, I doubt not, resembled this. He observes, she made the Rustic Bridegroom and the Porter speak in mean and vulgar language, though she was herself happy in the most exquisite expression, where it was to be used with propriety. See *Dem. Phal.* §. 166 & seq.

Christs Kirk on the green.] The kirk-town of Leslie, near Falkland in Fife.

St. 1. *Falkland on the green.*] Dr. Percy observes, there possibly once existed a Scottish song of this title. Could this be recovered, he adds, the subject would be complete.

St. 3. *As ony rose, &c.*] The alliteration in the first of these two lines is happy, in the second unfortunate and harsh; *live* signifying flesh, nor *skin*.

St. 5. *morreis dance.*] is so called from the Moors its inventors; as they were of the fiddle or violin. Pulci mentions it as used in the days of Charles the Great, but, I suppose on no authority:

Avea Cerbante fatti torneamenti,
E giostre, e feste, e balli alla moresea.

Morgante Mag. Canto IV. st. 91.

Curious notices with regard to it may be seen in the last edition of Shakspeare.

St. 13. *Fy! be had slain a priest.*] That is, committed the most atrocious of murders. To kill a priest was thought to unite sacrilege and murder. Cardinal Beaton was sensible of this when he cried, upon receiving his mortal wound, *I am a priest, I am a priest, fy, fy, all is gone.* See Knox.

III. THE GABERLUNYIE MAN

is likewise ascribed to James V, but I am afraid upon no authority. If it is his, the stanza flows amazingly smooth indeed! From stanza II. it would appear the writer wished to have it ascribed to James I; the first lines of that stanza bearing an analogy to his imprisonment in England. The nature and naïveté of this piece are exquisite.

N

St. I.

St. I. *for your courtesie.*] That is, *by your courtesie.*] an adjuration.

Ib. *ayont the inge.*] That is, *beyond the fire*; the warmest place in the room. In farm houses of Scotland, to this day the fire-place often stands in the midst of the kitchen, so that the family can all sit around. *Ingle* is a word appropriated to familiar fire in Scotland; to call such *fire*, is thought ominous among the country people.

IV. THE JOLLIE BEGGAR

is likewise ascribed to James V. I believe upon no authority, but a blunder of Mr. Walpole's, who confounds this with the former. The adventure may be the king's, but I suspect the description is another's. This piece is no less spirited than the former. The transitions to opposite passions in both are described in such a rapid and easy manner, as would have done credit to the first comic writer.

V. THE

V. THE VISION.

In a letter which the Editor received some time ago from the author of the Minstrel, the following remarks are made upon this poem; which, being of so good a judge, will, he doubts not, have great weight with the reader.

‘ The best Scottish poem of modern times that I have
‘ seen (for, though the title pretends that it was
‘ written four hundred years ago, I have reason to think
‘ that it was produced in this century) is called *The*
‘ *Vision*. I am inclined to think that the Author of it,
‘ whoever he was, must have read Arbuthnot’s His-
‘ tory of John Bull. But there are noble images in it,
‘ and a harmony of versification superior to every thing
‘ I have seen in the kind. I suspect that is the work
‘ of some friend of the family of Stuart, and that it
‘ must have been composed about the year 1715.’

St. 6. *Saya Fere*.] Fere, for *mate*, is a common word in ancient Scottish. The Scottish writers even carried it into England with them, as we may observe in *the Tragedies of William Alexander of Menstrie*, London, 1607.

St. 13.] It is with regret I observe, that the latter part of this stanza is still applicable. Many Scottish

peers have not sufficient spirit to flight English gold, but ignobly to this hour, barter the liberties of their country, and their own independence for it. May execration pursue their memories ! Scotland is, perhaps, at this day, the only country in Europe to which the philosophical light of liberty has not penetrated. To oppose a foolish or corrupt minister is, with my countrymen, to oppose legal power. One of their most celebrated writers is just now engaged, at a rated salary, to defend the cause of corruption.—Not all his talents will save him from the contempt of more enlightened posterity.

St. 19.] This ludicrous description of the drunken gods is perfectly risible. Nothing in *Midas* or *The Golden Pippin* can exceed it. The several attributes are finely preserved.

St. 25.] *Bruce* is here used for him the Jacobites esteem legal heir of the crown. The principles of this poem are utterly detested by the Editor, as they are by every friend of mankind: he only gives it as a piece of fine writing in its way. The unhappy attachment to the family of Stuart, has wasted the finest estates, and shed some of the best blood in Scotland. It now exists only in the breasts of old women.

The real Bruce (Robert I.) was a hero, if ever any such existed. The finest epic poem in the world might
be

be founded on his story. *The famous History of the valiant Bruce in heroic verse, by Patrick Gordon, gentleman.* Dort, 1615; reprinted at *Edinburgh*, 1718, is the best attempt in this way. Some of the stanzas are worthy of Spenser.

VI. ANE HIS AWN ENEMY.

This and the eleven following are given from Lord Hales's very accurate publication of Ancient Scottish poems from Bannatyne's MS. dated 1568. *Edin.* 1770.

IX. ROBENE AND MAKYNE

was written by Robert Henryson, Schoolmaster at Dunfermline about 1560. It ought to have been observed before that VI, VII, VIII, are written by the celebrated William Dunbar, the author of the *Goldin Terge*, and chief of the ancient Scottish poets.

St. 3. *an A, B, C.*] That is a short instruction, a catechism, not a whimsical alphabet of virtues, as I believe we meet with in *Don Quixotte*: A. Amorous, B. Benevolent, &c.

St. 4. *They,*] That is *people, folks would blame us.*

St. 5. *Tak tent.*] *Take heed.* This Scottish phrase, as I am told, being used to an English lady, his patient, by a Scottish physician, occasioned a mistake almost fatal. The Physician always repeated to her, *Above a things, Ma'am, take tent.* She understood he meant she should take tent-wine after every meal; and suffered much by following the supposed prescription.

X. THE WOWING OF JOK AND JENNY.

This piece, as Lord Hales observes, exhibits a ludicrous picture of the *curta supellex* of the Scottish commons in the 16th century. Every country must be poor till agriculture or commerce enrich it. That the first of these was little cultivated in Scotland till within these late years is well known. The following epistle of James VI. to Queen Elizabeth of England, is a curious proof of the poverty of the grain in Scotland in former times. It is copied from a MS. in the Editor's possession.

' Richt excellent, Richt heich, and michtie prin-
' cesse, our dearest suster, and cousing, in our hartiest
' maner we recommend us unto you. The great, and
' almaist

‘ almaiſt univerſall, failie of the peas and beanis within
 ‘ our realme, thir tua yeiris begane, occaſioned be the
 ‘ continuation of maiſt tempeſtuſous, and unſeaſonable
 ‘ wether, fallin out with us baith in the ſawing and
 ‘ reaping tymes, greatlie to the intereſt * of the haile
 ‘ pure anis of our land, comfortit cheefly be that
 ‘ ſort of graine, has moved us to requeiſt your favor
 ‘ to the relief and help of this neceſſitie, be ſpairing
 ‘ ſum part of the great ſtore of the ſaid graine within
 ‘ your realme; and granting therefore licence to ſum
 ‘ truſtie marchand, as we ar to empl^y that erand, to
 ‘ by, carie, and transport fyftie thouſand quarteris
 ‘ thereof quhair maiſt comodiouſſie thay may be had to
 ‘ the ſaid uſe. Quhairin ye ſall baith greatlie benefite
 ‘ the puir anis of our realme, and ſall alwyis find us
 ‘ lyke affected to help your ſubjectis diſtreſſed with ony
 ‘ ſic neceſſitie, and having the like requeiſt from you.
 ‘ And thus excellent, richt heich, and michtie princes,
 ‘ our deareſt ſuſter, &c. From halryrudhous, the xx
 ‘ day of December, 1595. Your maiſt loving and af-
 ‘ fectioned brother, and couſing, James R.’

Indeed at this day *peaſe bannocks* or cakes made of peaſe, are the principal bread of the Scotiſh peaſantry.

Among the above letters of James VI. in MS. is one to the Dutch about their detention of the Earl of Errol, and

* *Sic.*

another relating to a ship belonging to Adrian Wauchton *the king's painter*.

St. 3. *Ane fute-braid-sawin.*] That is a piece of cultivated ground of a foot square. A joke like that of the ancient writer who compared a small estate to a Spartan epistle,

XI. ANE LITTIL INTERLUD, &c.

Lord Hales observes on this singular piece, that
 ' some traces of theatrical composition may be discovered in Scotland during the 16th century. Sir David Lindsay wrote several interludes.'

By the way, Sir David Lindsay was once a most popular author in Scotland, witness the proverb, *Is no in Davie Lindsay*; meaning any thing out of the common road. He was in great celebrity in his own life time, about the period of the reformation. A story is told of an honest farmer, who being on his death-bed, a pious neighbour brought an English bible to read to him. The dying man had to that day never known of such a book, and, upon hearing some of its miraculous contents, cried out, *Hoot awa! Bring me Davie Lindsay. That's all a made story.*

St. 4.

St. 4, *Fyn Mackowul.*] ‘Better known in England, says Lord Hales, ‘under the modernised name of ‘Fingal.—Concerning this personage, whether real or ‘imaginary, there are innumerable legends in the ‘highlands of Scotland. He is more celebrated as a ‘giant, then as the hero of Ossian.’

On the next line, ‘That dang the devill, &c.’ his lordship observes, ‘This may allude to the contest with ‘the spirit of Loda. Here let me observe, that to doubt ‘Fingal and Temora being ancient compositions, is ‘indeed, a refinement in scepticism. They contain ‘various allusions to the manners of other times, ‘which have escaped the observation of Mr. Macpherson himself.’

The Editor has been called a zealous defender of the antiquity of Ossian by those who had not understanding enough to perceive the scope of his dissertation on the Oral Tradition of Poetry; which only attempts to prove that poetry may be a long time preserved by tradition; without the slightest reference to Ossian’s antiquity, but from probability only of preservation; which the candid reader will confess to be no argument. These people will stare when he assures them that, so far from being an advocate of Ossian’s antiquity, he does not regard twenty pages in the whole work as ancient, and has always expressed that notion.

Nay

Nay he must add that, if not two lines in the poems of Ossian are ancient, that circumstance would, if infallibly proved, give an infinite addition in his opinion, to their superlative merit. So little has he of the spirit of an antiquary,

St. 6.] Three stanzas are here omitted, as full of filth, without humour to palliate it.

XII. ANE BALLAT OF EVILL WYFFIS

is a singular mixture of religion and satire ; as is XIII. of religion and good fellowship. Such absurd mingling of heterogeneous ideas is common in the poets of that period. Witness the *Morgante Maggiore* of Pulci, where every canto is begun with an address to some person of the Trinity, or to the Virgin Mary, and a transition immediately made to the wild adventures of the Paladins.

XVII. RONDEL OF LUVE.

St. 2. *Ane pur treasour without messour.*] That is, a poor treasure of no measure, or account : not a pure treasure without measure, or bounds.

I

St. 3.

St. 3. *To rege with gude adwyys.*] seems a translation of *Insanire decet certa ratione modoque.*

XVIII. THE WIFE OF AUCHTERMUCHTY.

This ballad has always been very popular in Scotland; and deserves it, as it is fraught with genuine nature and humour. In Bannatyne's MS. it is inserted in a modern hand.

XIX.

This is given from *A specimen of a book intituled, Ane compendious book of godly and spiritual songs, &c. Edin. 1765.*

XX. LUSTIE MAYE

is given from a Collection, *Edin. 1776*, in which is this note: • The first verse of this song is cited in a book
‘ intituled,

- ‘ intitled, The Complaint of Scotland, &c. printed at
- ‘ Saint Andrews, 1548; whereby it appears to have
- ‘ been a current old Scots song in the reign of James
- ‘ V.’ See the prefatory Dissertation.

This copy is evidently modernized.

XXIV.

is one of Ramsay's songs, and one of his best; but the woeful mixture of heathen mythology quite disfigures it. *Pallas*, *Jove*, &c. never come from mortal mouth in common life, except within the walls of Bedlam; but they are a great resource to a writer who wants ideas. It may be called the *Phæbus* of poetry. The French, I think, use *le phebue* less properly for *bombast*.

XXVI.

This and XXIX, XXXI, XXXIV, XXXVI, XL, XLIII, XLV, XLVIII, have not appeared in print.

XXX. DEIL

XXX. DEIL TAK THE WARS, &c.

This favourite air is in D'Urfey's Pills to purge Melancholy, *London*, 1719, six vols. 12mo. It is commonly thought much more modern.

XXXIII.

In the third stanza of this pretty song, the reader will observe imitations of Tibullus and Parnell.

XXXIV. BOTHWELL BANK.

‘ So fell it out of late years, that an English gentleman travelling in Palestine, not far from Jerusalem, as he passed through a country town, he heard by chance a woman sitting at her door, dandling her child, to sing *Bothwel bank thou blumest fair*. The gentleman hereat exceedingly wondered, and forth-
‘ with

' with in English saluted the woman, who joyfully
 ' answered him; and said she was right glad there
 ' to see a gentleman of our isle: and told him that she
 ' was a Scottish woman, and came first from Scotland
 ' to Venice, and from Venice thither, where her for-
 ' tune was to be the wife of an officer under the Turk;
 ' who being at that instant absent, and very soon to
 ' return, she intreated the gentleman to stay there
 ' untill his return. The which he did; and she, for
 ' country-sake, to shew herself the more kind and boun-
 ' tiful unto him, told her husband at his home-coming,
 ' that the gentleman was her kinsman; whereupon
 ' her husband entertained him very kindly; and at his
 ' departure gave him divers things of good value.'
Verslegan, in his Restitution of decayed Intelligence. Ant-
werp, 1605. Chap. Of the surnames of our ancient fa-
milies.

XXXV.

This was written by the celebrated Marquis of Mon-
 trose; and shows that he thought there was a necessity for
 displaying his superstitious loyalty, even in a song. A
 drawling second part, and one stanza of this are omitted.

This

This nobleman, who was certainly a great warrior, and is esteemed a hero by the defenders of Charles I. ' was diverse yeires very zealous for the covenant, and ' at the first time that the English came down to the ' kirks, when the Scots army lay at Dunslaw, the lot ' of his regiment was first to cross Tweed, whilk he did ' himself, in the midst of the winter, boots and all. ' Yet thereafter, at the subscriyving of the league and ' covenant, finding that General Lesly was preferred ' to him, he changed his mind, and betook himself to ' the king's party.' *Scot of Scotstarvet's Staggering State of the Scottisb Statesmen*, MS. 1662. Heroes are mighty cheap baubles in the eyes of people of reflection and knowledge of mankind.

There is a curious account of his condemnation, &c. in a MS. in the Editor's possession, intituled, *A Letter of the proceedings of the parliament (of Scotland) Anno 1650, written from Edr. May 20, an, 1650, by Mr. Thomas Winzat, to his brother George Winzat*, 4to.

XXXIX.

This sweet air was written by the late Dr. Austin of Edinburgh, upon a lady's marriage with one of the dukes of Scotland, after she had given him much encouragement in his addressees to her.

XL.

Blackford hill is one of the romantic environs of Edinburgh, that most romantic of all cities in situation.

XLVII.

This excellent song is already popular in England. The author of the words, and of the air, are, I believe, both unknown, though they are both of superlative beauty.

XLIX.

This fine little air is in the style of what the French call a *rondelet*: and in none of their *rondelets* is the return of the words better managed.

GLOSSARY.

G L O S S A R Y

TO THE

SECOND VOLUME.

* * Any words not in this will be found in the Glossary to the First Volume.

A

Abaisit, *abashed*.
 Allhaill, *all and whole*.
 Ahint, *behind*.
 Akerbraid, *breadth of an acre*.
 An, *if*.
 Almry, *cupboard*.
 Ark, *large chest for keeping meal*.
 Ase, *ashes*.
 Aucht, *possession*.

B.

Bales, *woes*.
 Ban, *curse*.
 Bargane, *squabble*.
 Barkit, *tanned*.

Bartane, *Bretagne*.
 Baity bummil, *effeminate fellow*.
 Barla fummil, *a parley*.
 Bedoun, *down*.
 Belomy, *bel-ami*, Fr. *boon companion*.
 Best, *beat*.
 Beit, *increase*.
 Beirt, *fought with noise*.
 Biel, bield, *shelter*.
 Birk, *birch*.
 Birneist, *burnished*.
 Blasnit ledder, *tanned leather*.
 Bledoch, *buttermilk*.
 Bleisfit, *kindled*.
 Bokkit, *gushed*.

O

Bowdin,

Bowdin, *swelled*.
 Boddin, *dress*.
 Bobit up wi bends, *came up with many bows*.
 Bolt, *arrow*.
 Bougars, *asters*.
 Branewod, *mad*.
 Brais, *embrace*.
 Brankit, *pranced*.
 Brangled, *shook*.
 Bree, *broth*.
 Brechame, *the collar of a work horse*.
 Browdin, *embroidered*, Gibson: *rather steeped*.
 Buchts, *sheepfolds*.
 Buff, *blow*.
 Buft, *sounded dully*.
 Burde, *table*.
 Burneist, *burnished*.
 Buschment, *ambush*.
 But the house, *the outer apartment*. ben, *the inner*.

C

Cadgear, *a retailer of fish, eggs, &c.*
 Cadgily, *jovially*.
 Cankered, *peevish*.
 Cant, *merry*.
 Carle, *fellow*.
 Chafts, *chops*.
 Chat him, *look to himself*.
 Chier, *cut sheer*.
 Cleiked, *caught*.

Clok, *beetle*.
 Clokkis, *claks of a hen, a proverbial saying*. See Ch. Kirk.
 Coig, *a pail*.
 Corby, *a crow*.
 Cramasie, *crimson*.
 Craig, *neck*.
 Creils, *panniers*.
 Crous, *a contraction of courageous*.
 Crynit, *dwindled*.
 Curches, *courcchefs*. Fr. *Coverings for the head*.
 Culroun, *base*.
 Counterfittet Frans, *danced like a Frenchman*.
 Curphour, *curfeu*.

D

Daddy, *papa*.
 Dails, *deals, parties*.
 Dame, *mother*.
 Deid, *death*.
 Deir, *dismay*.
 Deray, *jollity*.
 Dern, *secret*.
 Dewyifs, *devece*.
 Dill, *deal, share*.
 Ding, *beat*.
 Disjune, *Fr. breakfast*.
 Dow, *dove*.
 Dring, *covetous person*.
 Droichis, *dwarfs*.
 Drugged,

Drugged, *pulled*.
 Dudds, *rags*.
 Dunt, *blow*.
 Dufht, *fell suddenly*.
 Dulce amene, *a quaint
 phrase from some Italian
 poet, sweet sweetness*.

E

Effeired, *belonged*.
 Ellwand, *an ell measure*.
 Eriche, *Erse, Galic*.

F

Fash, *to take care, be anxious*.
 Fary, *tumult : fairies*.
 Farlyis, *wonders*.
 Feckless, *feeble*.
 Feck, *faith!*
 Feir, *feature*.
 Fetteritlok, *fetterlock*.
 Fiddet, *128 cwt*.
 Fie, *cattle*.
 Fire flauchts, *thunder bolts*.
 Flane, *arrow*.
 Flauchter fails, *thin sods*.
 Flies of Spenyie, *Spanish
 flies, cantharides*.
 Flocht, *flight*.
 Flaik, *bundle*.
 Fillok, *filly*.
 Flyte, *scold*.
 Fowth, *abundance, at large*.
 Forfairn, *enfeebled, wasted*.

Fone, *fondle*.
 Forfochtin, *exhausted, wast-
 ed*.
 Foreleet, *out do, Gibson :
 leave off*. Cal.
 Frawful, *froward*.
 Freikes, *foolish fellows*.
 Fryggs, *freakish fellows*.
 Fudder, *a load of wood*.
 Furlet, *one fourth of a boll*.
 Fust, *roasted*.

G

Gaillings, *Goslings*.
 Gams, *Gums*.
 Garray, *prattle*.
 Gaberlunyie, *knapsack,
 wallet*.
 Gaits, *brats, children, not
 goats as Mr. Calendar
 has it. They say dirty
 gait, or gett, of a child,
 in a bad sense, to this
 day in Scotland*.
 Genty, *genteel, slender*.
 Girnit, *grinned*.
 Glew, *mirth*.
 Gib Glaiks, *idle rogue,
 spoken in kindness*.
 Gled, *kite*.
 Glowming, *dusk*.
 Gobs, *mouths*.
 Granes, *groans*.
 Graythit, *clothed*.
 Gruffling,

Gruffling, *grovelling*.

Gryte, *a pig*.

Guckit, *foolish*.

H

Hail'd the dules, *won the day*.

Harnis, *brains*.

Hause-bane, *xxij. a silver ornament on your haufe, i. e. neck*.

Henfure, *strong youth*.

Heydin, *mockery*.

Heynd, *bandy*.

Heill, *health*.

Heuch, *cliff*.

Heck, *rack*.

Heckle, *a wool-card*.

Heisit, *raised*.

Herryt, *despoiled*.

Hinny, *honey*.

Hiffil, *hazel*.

Hoast, *cough*.

Hochit, *stamped*.

Holt, *wood*.

Hows, *hams*.

Hooly, *softly*.

Hog, *a sheep two years old*.

Hurklin, *crouching*.

Hubbilschow, *confusion*.

Hussyskep, *housewifery*.

Hure, *whore*.

Hyn, *home*.

Hynt, *took*.

Hynd, *back, behind*.

I J

Jangleurs, *quarrellers*.

Jak, *part of warlike dress*.

Jee, *tremble like a balance*.

Jewel, *rascal*.

Illfardly, *ill-favouredly*.

Ingle, *fire*.

K

Ka, *drive*.

Kauk and keil, *chalk and red ocre, i. e. by fortune telling, as such pretended to be dumb, and wrote their answers with chalk, &c.*

Kapps, *caps*.

Kail, *colworts*.

Ken, *know*.

Kekel, *laugh*.

Keik, *peep*.

Kenzie, *angry man*.

Kevel, *a long staff*.

Kirn, *churn*.

Kist, *chest*.

Kirtle, *mantle*.

Know, *hillock*.

Ky, *cows*.

L

Lauch, *law*.

Lane; her lane, *by herself, alone*.

Laith, *loth*.

Laits,

Laits, *feet*.
 Lans, *skip, dance*.
 Landart, *country*.
 Lair, *learning*.
 Laid, *load*.
 Leit, *let*.
 Lends, *loins, back*.
 Lever, *leur, rather*.
 Liggs, *lies*.
 Lire, *flesh*.
 Lintie, *linnet*.
 Loun, *rogue*.
 Lychtlies, *undervalues*.
 Lyking, *beloved*.
 Lundgit, *bulged, swelled out*.
 Lude, *love*.
 Lute gird, *gave hard strokes*.
 Lustie, *healthy*.

M

Mails, *burdens*.
 Maskene-fat, *vessel to boil
malt in for brewing*.
 Mavis, *thrush*.
 Mauk, *offspring*, A. S.
 Maeg.
 Meid, *mead*.
 Meikle, *large*.
 Meir, *mare*.
 Mell, *meddle*.
 Menyie, *company*.
 Merle, *the blackbird*. merle,
Fr. merlo, It. merula,
Lat.

Middin, *dunghill, heap*.
 Minny, *mother*.
 Mither, *mother*.
 Mows, *mockery, from making
mows, or mouths*.
 Muddilt, *threw*.
 Murgeoned, *made mouths*.
 Mynt, *try*.

N

Nevel, *a blow with the fist*.
 Nok, *button of a spindle*.
 Noudir, *neither*.
 Noytit, *knocked*.

O

Occraine, *ocean*.
 Olyprance, *jollity*.
 Ourhy, *o'ertake*.
 Owrryd, *o'erride, or per-
haps worry*.

P

Paddock, *frog*.
 Pauky, *cunning*.
 Paiks, *cuffs*.
 Pais, *Easter*.
 Pawis, *tricks*.
 Pearlins, *laces*.
 Pennyftane, *quoits*.
 Plack, *the third part of a
penny*.
 Pleid, *contest*.
 Pow, *head*.

Preifs,

Preifs, *to strive.*
 Preist, *opprest.*
 Prievit, *came off.*
 Preiving, *proof, first taste.*
 Prest, *p. ready, prest, Fr.*
 or plaited, done in folds,
 as shirt sleeves, &c. See
 Christs Kirk, st. 2.
 Privie, *secret.*

Q.

Qu, in old Scots is equal
 to W, which see.
 Quay, *a young cow ere she*
 gives milk.

R

Raffel, *a kind of leather.*
 Raik on raw, *is a common*
 phrase in Douglas, and
 seems to signify going in
 disorder as well as rang-
 ing in a row.
 Raik, *range.*
 Rait, *rank.*
 Raw, *row.*
 Raip, *rope.*
 Rair, *rage.*
 Rashies, *rushes.*
 Rax, *reach.*
 Reir, *have pity.*
 Red-up, *neat.*
 Reddin, *parting.*
 Reid, *advice.*

Reiling, *confusion, running*
 about.
 Reiked, *reached.*
 Reirde, *noise.*
 Richt nocht, *nothing at all.*
 Riggs, *backs.*
 Rok, *distaff.*
 Routs, *roars, blows.*
 Rouit, *wrapt.*
 Rude, *bloom.*
 Rungs, *long staves.*
 Rummil, *rumble.*
 Runging, *rummaging.*
 Rynk, *man.*
 Ryfs, *bough or stake.*

S

Sark, *shirt.*
 Schawis, *groves by the sides*
 of waters.
 Schog, *shake.*
 Shogled, *shook.*
 Schule, *shovel.*
 Scherene, *syren.*
 Seill, *happiness.*
 Servit, *deserved.*
 Sey, *filk.*
 Sevensum, *some seven.*
 Skap, *head, pate.*
 Skych, *shy.*
 Skrapit, *gave marks of ab-*
 horrence.
 Smolt, *serene.*
 Sklyfs, *slice.*

Skour,

Skour, *fly*.
 Smaik, *filly fellow*.
 Spate, *a flood*.
 Spaul, *shoulder*.
 Speel, *climb*.
 Spurtil, *a flat iron for turning cakes, spatula*.
 Soutar, *shoemaker*.
 Spoung, *purse*.
 Spunk, *spark*.
 Stappin, *stepping*.
 Stoure, *stir*.
 Stekill, *latch*.
 Steid, *place*.
 Stends, *great steps*.
 Stound, *time*.
 Stotts, *steers*.
 Styne, *not see a styne, not see at all*.
 Sturt, *wrath*.
 Strynd, *race*.
 Sware, *the neck*.

T

Taikel, *arrow*.
 Teynd, *vexed*.
 Thik fauld, *Thickfold*.
 Thrunlan, *rolling*.
 Thraw-cruk, *a crooked stick for twisting straw ropes*.
 Throppils, *throats*.
 Trans, *the name of a dance*.
 Trene, *spout*.
 Trow, *trust*.

Tulye, *quarrel*.
 Tyte, *speedily*.
 Tyt, *drew*.
 Tynfel, *loss*.

V U

Vissy, *examine*.
 Unbirs'd, *unbruised*.
 Ungeir'd, *unprepared*.

W

Wad, *wager*.
 Wait, *wet*.
 Wauld, *would, wold, a common*.
 Warefone, *remedy*.
 Wauch, *wall*.
 Wawaris, *wooers*.
 Wame, *belly*.
 Wain, *child*.
 Wanruse, *uneasy*.
 Warfel, *worsel, wrestle*.
 Whang, *luncheon*.
 Whyle, *till*.
 Whittil, *knife*.
 Wimplers, *treffes*.
 Wincheant, *wincing*.
 Winklot, *little wench*.
 Wirry, *chake*.
 Woode, *mad*.
 Woir, *worse*.
 Wick, *cargo*.
 Wyfs, *wces*.

Y

* * Many editors confound this letter as written in MSS. thus, 3, with the letter z, and spell their words accordingly; as zour for your, &c. With equal judgment they might have

put the Greek P, not as R, but as the Roman P, because the form is the same.

Yape, ready, eager.

Yearn, curdle.

Yokkit, joined in fight.

Yowden, wearied.

Yule, Christmas.

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